



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

FIRST-FRUITS



OF SACRED SONG

Grace P. Millar.

Nairn,
16th Sep^r
1878

FIRST-FRUITS OF SACRED SONG.

BY THE

REV. EDWIN CHARLES WRENFORD,

INCUMBENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHAPEL, NAIBN:

AUTHOR OF

"Life More Abundant;" "What a Word is This!" "The Philosophy of Character;" "Questions and Answers on Confirmation" (6 Eds.); "A Liturgy for Sunday Schools," etc., etc.

"He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."
GAL. vi. 8.

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9 PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLXXVI.

TO
MRS BRODIE OF BRODIE
THIS VOLUME OF FIRST-FRUITS OF SACRED SONG,
WRITTEN WITH THE SINCERE DESIRE
TO PROMOTE THE GLORY OF GOD
IN THE FULLER REALISATION OF THE "WONDROUS THINGS"
OF DIVINE REVELATION,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR,
IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE UNVARYING
KINDNESS TOWARDS HIM BOTH OF
HERSELF AND THE ENTIRE
HOUSE OF BRODIE,
DURING A PERIOD OF
MORE THAN ELEVEN YEARS.

MARY AGNES
AND
CHARLES HENRY.

~~~~~  
IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE.  
~~~~~

1861. 1866.

—•—
"Alive for evermore."

P R E F A C E.

• THE principal motive that has led to the publication of these Poems is a desire to aid in exciting a deeper practical interest in the profound truths of our living Christianity.


It must be admitted that, while those truths are accepted by every branch of the Church of Christ, their *power* over the heart and life is, to a great extent, in abeyance. Christians are not living in "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," "filled with the Spirit:" hence the necessity that they be stirred up to a view of their privileges as "SONS and DAUGHTERS" of the "KING ETERNAL, IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE."

"First-fruits" imply a harvest. If the quality of the former be fine the latter may be anticipated with joy. But both first-fruits and harvest of grain are things in a measure *realised*. This cannot be predicated of the Muse. Still, the quality of poetical first-fruits may foretoken the quality of the unknown harvest. Is it a good foretoken in the following pages? The reader must judge. There is some, nay much, excellent grain of God's own revealed truth in them. Let the chaff of imperfect expression be scattered, and that pure grain realised. This is the Author's anxious desire and prayer. Many may not appreciate that truth: they may prefer the "tares" of the world:—for such

persons there are many regrets, but their approval is not looked for. Can a blind man appreciate the clear shining of the sun? Neither can these persons the beauty of the "Truth in JESUS," the soul's true "Sun." Others may acknowledge that truth, yet shrink from receiving it. The object sought in these Poems is to *win* such to its reception. It *is* "the truth," and they know it to be such! And yet others will rejoice to accept it thoroughly, forgetting all "first-fruit" imperfections, and will look forward to a "harvest." Will there be such harvest? That lies in God's hands. The gathering of the first-fruits has truly been pleasant work, and the Author would desire to be permitted to penetrate into the very heart of the field of golden grain, and to bring many a ripe sheaf for the benefit of his fellow-Christians. But all this must be left in His hand from whom the inspiration of every holy thought, and of every good action, proceeds. Meanwhile, may He graciously honour the *motive* of this handful of "first-fruits," and cause what is imperfect in the work to be forgotten in the eager reception of the "seed" of His Word: and may many a "wave offering" of souls, gathered and raised to Himself, be made in the Heavenly Temple, as the fruit of the precious seed presented in this humble token of what *may* be!

MILLBANK HOUSE, NAIRN,

Nov. 1, 1876.



Prologue.

“ UNFURL the Christian Standard! lift it manfully on high,
And rally where its shining folds wave out against the sky!
Away with weak half-heartedness, with faithlessness and fear!
Unfurl the Christian Standard, and follow with a cheer!


“ Now, who is on the Lord's side, who? Come, throng the battle-field;
Be strong, and show that ye are men! Come forth with sword and
shield!

What peace, while traitorous Evil stalks in false array of light?
What peace, while enemies of Christ are gathering to the fight?

“ Unfurl the Christian Standard, with firm and fearless hands!
For no pale flag of compromise with Error's legion bands,
And no faint-hearted flag of truce with Mischief and with Wrong,
Should lead the soldiers of the Cross, the faithful and the strong!

“ The Lord of Hosts, in whom alone our weakness shall be strong,
Shall lead us on to conquest with a mighty battle song;
And soon the warfare shall be past, the glorious triumph won,
The kingdoms of this world *shall* be the kingdoms of His Son!”

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
(in “ *Under the Surface.*”)




"Taught of the Lord."

(ISA. liv. 13.)

"They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day."—
GEN. iii. 8.

"**SPEAK**, for Thy servant heareth,—
Deaf to each voice beside!
Hushed as thy footstep neareth,—
Whilst the cool shadows glide,—
Echoing in deep heart-chamber
Sacred to holiest thought—
Footstep like gentlest whisper
Heard by the Spirit-taught
Tell me Thy wondrous lessons
Learnt in the stillest hour!
Bid me to show Thy loved ones
Marvels of gracious power,—
Marvels of truest wisdom,—
Marvels of richest lore,—
Depths that no skill can fathom,—
Mines of celestial store,—
Gained while the heart is waiting,
Listening in silent awe;
Hearing, and then relating,
Secrets of Thy great law:
Telling with glowing rapture
Things in the silence taught,—
Truths of the higher nature
All by the world unsought!
Truths of Thy love so tender,—
Truths of Thy Spirit's might,—
Truths to enrobe in splendour,—
Vesture of "**MARVELLOUS LIGHT!**"
Wing the grand truths so precious
Home to each Christian heart!
Thus, in Thy power so gracious,
Fulness of life impart!



C A R M E L .

Part First.

GOD'S CARE OVER ISRAEL.

I.



N Alpine crest an eagle sits, and proudly scans the height,
With searching eye the whole surveys, and plumes herself
for flight;

Her nestlings come around her, as, with half-expanded
wing,

She calls them now to venture 'tween her feathered walls to
spring.

Then, swooping down, she bears them, and with rapid course
outspread,

She leaves the dwindling earth below for the glittering sky o'erhead!

II.

Right royally she carrieth her timorous brood along;
She cleaveth straight the æther, swiftly borne on pinions strong:
Her young ones feel the breezes, and forget their timid heart;
They flutter then their youthful wings, all eagerness to start;
When, lo! she now eludeth them, and leaveth them to fly,—
To poise themselves by native skill, and sail 'mid earth and sky!

III.

But, hovering near, she watcheth them, to help at fail of strength;
And, swooping 'neath the failing wing, she beareth them at length
Once more within her eyrie—built aloft on towering rock;
And there she soothes the trembling fear that holds her wondering flock!
She feedeth them, and o'er them broods, to show a parent's love;
Then leaveth them and soareth far in dazzling heights above!

IV.

And thus, O faithless Israel, thy God, in days of old,
 Conveyed thy hosts from servitude, that He might them enfold
 Beneath the overspreading wings of His own sovereignty!
 He cleft for thee a way right through the depths of mighty sea;
 He hovered o'er thy pathway; all thy numerous wants supplied;
 He taught thee how to conquer,—every daring foe defied!

V.

And when beside the Jordan's banks, ere crossing o'er the stream,
 Encamped at foot of Nebo's Mount, not vain was all thy dream,
 In sight of Canaan's goodly fields, of speedy victory!
 'Twas then God's servant Moses, looking back, affirmed to thee
 That no strange God was with thee, for the Lord alone did lead:
 His portion then His people were,—JEHOVAH reigned indeed!

Part Second.

ISRAEL'S SIN.

VI.

But, ah! what changes since have passed! How altered now the scene!
 Forgotten is the one true God, and legions intervene
 Of idol-gods, of wood and stone—the objects of thy scorn!
 Alas! where now the eagle care,—which, in thy glorious morn,
 Encompassed thee with sheltering wings, that He might safely hide
 Thy trusting hosts in every storm, whatever might betide!

VII.

The "Rock" of God's high confidence, erewhile thy lofty nest,
 Is known to Israel no more! His people love to rest
 Where hooting owls and vultures ply their dark and horrid work!
 O highly favoured Israel! what cunning foe did lurk
 Within the portal of thy heart, that thou shouldst basely leave
 The Most High God, thy "Refuge," and heathen gods receive?

VIII.

He knew thy danger ere thy foot was set on Canaan's soil,
And therefore strictly gave the charge that thou the land shouldst spoil.
Of wickedness the Canaanites had fullest measure wrought,
And mighty punishment deserved. Thy fathers were besought
To keep from idols, and were warned that, should they not obey,
As thorns and pricks the remnant should their faithless hearts betray.

IX.

And now, behold thy low estate! Thy gods, O Israel,
Are Baal, Milcom, Ashtoreth,—the gods thou shouldst repel!
Thy calves of gold were placed on high,—thy children taught to say
That these from Egypt brought them forth! Thy God may well display
His kindling wrath! But, lo! He stoops—(O wondrous grace!)—to win
Thy people back to Him in love,—to pardon all their sin!

X.


O condescension marvellous! Like mighty eagle swift,
He swoops beneath thy failing heart, that He may it uplift,
Restore thy confidence in Him, and banish all thy woe!
His judgments thou hast keenly felt, but thou indeed art slow
To learn that clemency He loves, and chastisement abhors!
O vainly has thy heart been spent with evil counsellors!

Part Third.

GOD'S CHALLENGE.

XI.

"All joy is darkened" o'er the land,—her gleesome mirth is gone!
She mourneth as a widow now whose hope will cease anon!
The sky is bright,—too bright, alas!—more welcome storm and rain;



Let tempests howl, and clouds discharge their whelming streams amain;
Exuberance of brightest joy would every heart suffuse;—
But wickedness hath barred the sky, and stanch'd the very dews!

XII.

These two-and-forty months o'erpast the heavens have been like brass;
The flocks and herds no pasturage can gain where'er they pass;
And famine slays through all the land, and finds a ready prey:
Then Ahab wisely counselleth to help as best he may.
Throughout the land he sendeth forth his Steward, who, erelong,
Returns with weighty messages to charge the King with wrong.

XIII.

'Tis God's time now, and He hath sent the grand old Tishbite seer
To challenge priest and people, who deceiving gods revere.
With solemn dignity of mien, and most emphatic word,
Elijah bade the Steward go and find his erring Lord,
And say, "BEHOLD ELIJAH'S HERE!" The good man's heart was grieved,
Receiving this abrupt command; yet he in God believed:

XIV.

And, reassured, he told the King, who then Elijah met:
And now a marvellous scene occurs, which none would e'er forget!
There stands the Prophet, stern and proud, in consciousness of right;
His lofty head uplifted high, undaunted at the sight
Of all the gorgeous retinue. The King demands, in scorn,
"Art thou the troubler who has made my heritage forlorn?"

XV.

In stern reply the Prophet saith, "'Tis thou and all thy race;
"For thou hast vilely sold thyself to make thy people base!
"I, even I, a prophet, true to God, alone remain:
"Go! summon all to Carmel,—bid thy prophets not refrain!"
Thus spake the brave Elijah; when through all the land there flew
The King's imperious summons,—which a mighty concourse drew!

Part Fourth.

THE TRIAL.

XVI.

And now the day has broken, and the SUN-GOD comes to view
A sight more wonderful by far than angels ever knew!
For though, at man's command, the sun on Gibeon stood still,
That voice was duly sanctioned by God's superior will.
Once more that God will give response to feeble mortal's cry,
And speak in flames of living fire descending from on high!

XVII.

The sun lights up the valleys deep, and gilds the mountain-peak;
And forth from town and hamlet-home, from regions warm and bleak,
The people in their thousands press—their journey fast pursue.
Through Sharon's famous vale they haste, and by Mount Tabor too—
From North and South and East they flock, on Carmel's height to gaze:
And now behold a mighty host of men in deep amaze!

XVIII.

For though 'tis true the summons came by Ahab's messenger,
Yet would Elijah well be known as sovereign arbiter.
Strange wonder in their hearts would rise,—their sins' forgotten smart,—
And legends old of glorious things, to win their fathers' heart,
That God achieved in ancient days, so they the land might gain!
They now may well be terrified—yet hope their hearts sustain.

XIX.

How high on Carmel's steep ascent the solemn act took place
The record hath not stated, and it matters not to trace.
Ah! who shall picture the grand sight, upon the mountain side?—
Far in the valley spread beneath, the eager crowd is spied!
They throng the cliffs, they climb the trees, the nearer view to gain;
In deepest silence riveted, the mighty hosts remain!

XX.

There stands the Man of God, whose voice, in majesty divine,
 Commands the whole; and there the men whose awful sins combine
 To draw on Israel's guilty head a mighty punishment!
 The King and Queen in regal pomp, and courtiers, augment
 The crowd of priests and prophets who around the altar press,
 In glittering ornaments of state, that suit their haughtiness!

XXI.

In lofty strain the Prophet now takes up his proud lament:
 "I, even I, alone remain, from God a prophet sent!"
 He then demands, with searching glance, "How long, O Israel,
 "Will ye in thought of idols rest—against your God rebel?"
 In trembling awe the people stand; he bids them now, with care,
 The bullocks for the sacrifice, and all besides, prepare.

XXII.

Elijah then the contest proceedeth to decide:
 "Your bullock," saith he to them, "take ye and divide;
 "Upon your altar lay it,—thereunder put no fire;
 "I, too, will dress my bullock,—and not a spark require!
 "Then call ye on your gods, and I will call upon the LORD:
 "THE GOD THAT ANSWERETH BY FIRE," he cries, "LET HIM BE GOD!"

XXIII.

This simple challenge pleaseth, and so without delay
 The priests of Baal offer theirs, and then until noonday
 They supplicate their god and cry, "O mighty Baal, hear!"
 The Sun beholds them,—“god of fire,”—Apollo,—whom they fear:
 From morn until the noonday,—then till eventide,—he sees.
 The frantic worship paid to him, the wrath of God to appease!

XXIV.

But calmly on his course he speeds, as in the ages past,
 Nor heeds their wild entreaties more than storm of wintry blast!
 They leap upon their altar now, and cry in mad despair,



But none is there to answer them,—for what can idols care?
Elijah then at noontide comes, and, mocking their distress,
“He *is* a god,” saith he; “cry loud! for he can scarce be less!”

XXV.

“Perchance he now is fast asleep! Or else, in deep debate,
“Is counselling with other gods on some affair of state!
“Perhaps upon the hunting-field he is pursuing game;
“Or on a journey gone afar some kingdom to reclaim!
“Cry loud,—yea, louder still,—again! Your shouts will wake him soon,
“Or you will call him back by summons importune!”

XXVI.

They cut themselves with lancets, full many a wound they give;
Their god is silent to their cry,—they care no more to live!
They now have shouted half the day; they round the altar roam;
Their angry eyes are flashing still, their lips with passion foam;
Their blood-stained, reeking bodies show a frightful spectacle:
But all in vain their sacrifice, and dumb their oracle!

XXVII.

And now the day declineth fast, and evening sacrifice,
As in the happy time of old, should now their love entice.
But when, in all the ages past, had prophet to arrange,
In all its solemn dignity, a sacrifice so strange?
When, ere this time, were finest chords of human nature stirred,—
Emotions deep of thrilling power evoked by stately word?

XXVIII.

Elijah now has cast aside his tone of irony,
And, as befits the ambassador of God's high sanctity,
Calls near the people, and repairs the altar of the Lord
That long in desolation lay. Twelve stones, a sure record,
He takes, and piles them up to show that all the sacrifice
For every Israelite is made, in memory precise.

XXIX.

This altar built, he makes around a trench on every side;
 And then, that charges of deceit may ever be defied,
 He bids them fill four barrels full, and on the altar pour
 The quenching liquid, and perform the action three times o'er!
 The water runs around, and fills the trench beyond the brim:
 Meanwhile, in mute expectancy, the people wait on him.

XXX.

In sight of Israel's myriad hosts the scene was thus displayed:
 The livelong day they stood transfixed, and sinful homage paid.
 Yet, oh! not *all* in those vast ranks to Baal are forsworn!
 Ah, no! ah, surely no! the men, the faithful men, who mourn
 The lapse of Israel from God,—whose knees have not been bent
 To Baal,—seven thousand strong,—are there with eyes intent!

XXXI.

What quivering of emotion deep, through all that mighty host!
 Hope, fear, dismay, rise up in turn, as everything is lost:
 Thus Baal's quailing devotees would feel: but see JEHOVAH's friends!
 With steadfast heart *they* hold their ground—their loving faith extends
 To deep assurance that the hour for God's grand triumph nears:
 They calmly wait with glistening eyes, and cast away their fears!

XXXII.

The stillness of the waiting crowd,—the stillness of the dead,—
 Is broken as, with solemn voice, and with uncovered head,—
 His arms extended heavenward,—his very eyes ablaze
 With fierce, prophetic glow,—God's noble servant prays:
 "O Lord, thou God of Abraham, and all our mighty sires,
 "Of Isaac and of Israel, give ear to my desires!

XXXIII.

"For Thine approving act I wait! Let it this day be known
 "That Thou art God in Israel;—do Thou Thy servant own,—
 "And say that I have done all this according to Thy word!

"Hear now, O Lord, I humbly pray, and do Thou now record
"That Thou art God, the sovereign Lord, and that Thy people's heart
"Thou once again hast turned to Thee! Thy answer now impart!"

XXXIV.

Ah! who shall picture skilfully that solemn, thrilling scene?
What limner shall repeat, on canvass or in verse, the mien
Of yonder glorious Prophet, as, with loins begirt, he stands,
With mantle falling loose behind, with gaze upturned, and hands
Outspread in energy intense? Behold the great Tishbite,—
His figure grand as if of God, and raised to fullest height!

XXXV.

The sun is drooping seaward now, and western shadows fall;
The firmament is cloudless yet, and dazzling bright withal;—
Across the sea no coming storm foretold gives of cloud,
Like to a human hand in size; and all men's hearts are bowed
In solemn awe, and wait the word JEHOVAH will reply!
Nor have they long that word to wait: God answers from on high!

XXXVI.

Meanwhile, like this in attitude the noble Prophet stands:
At least ten thousand eyes uplift, and every heart expands,
With solemn expectation raised. The King and Queen aside,
With troubled aspect, trembling, cower, in sullenness and pride.
The blood-stained priests and prophets, a woeful sight present,—
With earnest gaze awaiting thus the sequel of the event.

XXXVII.

And now the God of Truth replies, His Prophet to uphold!
The azure firmament divides, and all of them behold
The lambent flame from heaven descend, upon the altar light,
Consume the sacrifice and wood, and then—appalling sight!—
Absorb the very altar-stones—memorial of power,—
And e'en the water in the trench,—the very dust,—devour!

Part Fifth.

THE SEQUEL.

XXXVIII.

And now upriseth speedily a mightier chorus far,
 And more acceptable to God, than any shout of war!
 The thousands on the hill-side cry,—the thousands in the vale,—
 The thousands on the distant slopes take up the wondrous tale:
 And hill reëchoes hill afar, and all the air rebounds,
 As though ten thousand bells poured forth their undulating sounds!

XXXIX.

“THE LORD, HE IS THE GOD! THE LORD, HE IS THE GOD INDEED!”
 The people cry with one consent; and then with joyous speed
 They cast themselves upon their knees! Again the Lord hath won!
 Again His sovereign tenderness hath Satan's work undone!
 With melting hearts and streaming eyes they now their sin bewail:
 But the love that wrought that moving sight, is but the oft-told tale!

XL.

And now, before that mighty shout, that echoed far and near,
 Has sunk to deeper silence, that causes deeper fear,
 Elijah sternly orders, and with gladness all obey,
 To seize the priests and prophets, whom he bids the people slay.
 In eager haste they seize them: they hurl them down the steep,
 And bring them to the place hard by, where rapid Kishon sweeps.

XLI.

And there they slaughter them until the river streams with blood:
 A second* time its waters roll a mighty crimson flood!
 Oh, vengeance dire, but sternly just, how surely didst thou fall!
 But sovereign mercy that the Lord His people should recall,
 That they again might shelter safe beneath His outspread wing!
 Like mighty eagle forth He came, at voice of suffering!

* Judges v. 21.



XLII.

He saw His own in danger, and He flew from heaven above!
O marvellous similitude, the symbol grand of love!
He stooped, their fainting heart to raise and bear again on high,
That confidence they might renew, and once more heavenward fly!
See how He beareth them aloft! He bids all fear depart!
They nestle 'neath His guardian wing, in joyfulness of heart!

XLIII.

And now the people homeward turn; ere long the sun will set;
The shadows lengthen in the vales; but can they e'er forget
The lessons of that solemn day, which God to them has taught?
O surely no! but treasure them, and tell them, as they ought,
With gladness to their children—how the Lord did interpose
To save their sires in their distress, confounding all their foes!

Part Sixth.

THE TEACHING FOR ALL TIME.

XLIV.

Can ye not learn, O Christian folk, the immortal truths that here
Are writ in words of vivid light? Did this great scene appear
That Israel alone might learn? Do ye no idols love
As they their Baal never loved? Oh, yes!—and God above
Condemns them now, as oft before: but still you cling to them!
Ah! this is not a sin alone in *heathen* to condemn!

XLV.

“What are our idols?” do you say? Ah! wherefore ask you this?
Do you not know the things that come between your souls and bliss,—
The bliss of God that fills the soul with joyfulness supreme?
Can you not tell the passion that, as charms a lovely dream,
Enchants the soul, and leads it off from God, to fix on self?
Can you not mark the lurking foe?—perchance 'tis sordid pelf!

XLVI.

O look abroad o'er all the world, its various people see,
And mark the idols they erect with ceaseless energy.
Come, stand with me among the haunts where careless sinners go,
And mark the race for wealth and fame, for pleasure or for show!
Each nobler energy is bent, and every nerve is strained,—
Time, thought, and health, are spent until the lustrous prize is gained!

XLVII.

The race is swift,—the battle hot,—but men unwearied strive;
They rise betimes, and late take rest, hoping at last to thrive!
They journey far by land and sea, they travel o'er the globe;
Their locks grow white, their vigour fails, but they assume the robe
Of a resolute undaunted heart, and sternly hold their ground:
Resolved, by honour, wealth, or fame, they will at last be crowned!

XLVIII.


Or, look among the gentler scenes of each man's daily life,
And mark the idol that he makes of darling child or wife;
The pet pursuit so innocent when kept in narrow bounds;
The love of truth and probity, and of harmonious sounds;
Of science, and of learning, of art, and deep philosophy;
Of generous providence for friends, and sweet benignity!

XLIX.

This sums not up the total of the gods that men combine,
Unwittingly or wittingly, within their hearts to shrine!
Their name is "legion," and they all their sovereignty assert:
They lead men captive as they list,—their noblest hopes subvert!
Ah! silly souls, that thus forget life's grand and lofty aim,—
Ye strive to grasp at phantoms, and God's sacred Word disclaim!

L.

What will ye do,—oh! whither run,—when all the mighty truth,
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell, which ye in early youth
Were taught with care, stands boldly forth and claims your soul's concern?



How, then, will seem life's grand pursuits? Not all that ye can earn
Will compensate for time misspent, though wealth and fame be gained!
Ah! *then* it is that forth, like fire, shines out that truth disdained!

LI.

The light of near eternity will fearful brightness pour
Upon all human interests. And then shall men deplore
Their folly and their sinfulness! Then rises up o'er all
The Judgment's dread tribunal; and the solemn trumpet call
Is heard! The awakening, startled dead, are seen approaching fast!
Then "Vanity" appears inscribed on all the fledged past!

LII.


O ye, whose hope embraces but the present time, take heed!
The Judge awaits you at the door, e'en now, in very deed!
The records of the past are eloquent of misspent lives!
God's Word implores you to beware, and almost vainly strives
To lift your weary souls on high, that they may Him enjoy!
O spurn the lower things of time, so full of base alloy!

LIII.

Come, let us test your deities,—perchance they still entice!
Erect your grandest altar, and pile high the sacrifice!
'Twill please them well to immolate your very noblest powers!
But what avails the yielding up of all life's golden hours?
Can things of time relieve the mind, or give the conscience peace?
The terrors that death brings apace, can they at all decrease?

LIV.

Oh, vain endeavour! vain the hope! Entreat them as ye may,
Of kindling heat of comfort, or of joy, not one poor ray
Can penetrate your heart! The sacrifice cannot avail!
The shadows of the coming night may tell their gloomy tale:
But less than nothing will you gain! Your gods are dumb—your zeal
Is thrown away! No fire from heaven can answer your appeal!



LV.

Now, Christian, to your God address your willing sacrifice !
 Remember He bestowed on you a Gift beyond all price !
 Then give up all you treasure most ! O keep not back a part :
 Present the whole : your body pure,—your intellect and heart,—
 Your money, influence, and time,—for His dear sake lay down,
 Who bought for you such blessedness, and glorious renown !

LVI.

Give up to Him THE WHOLE ! Let SELF be utterly cast out !
 Your very cares must all be His ! O never Him misdoubt
 Who gave us such a priceless Gift, and who will aye assure
 Of love that "ALL THINGS" guarantees ! Yet altogether pure
 Your motive be ! In simple LOVE all to His care resign !
 Such sacrifice *His* love demands : let *yours*, too, be divine !

LVII.

And what will follow this ? When yielded up the whole hath been,
 Will God accept the sacrifice ? Will there, in truth, be seen
 Aught visible as on the Mount ? Ah ! no, but in the heart
 The "fire" will glow in holy love ! God will indeed impart
 His presence ; and your soul shall burn, as did, in time of old,
 The hearts of John and Cleopas, with fervency untold !

LVIII.

Have you forgotten Pentecost ? Oh, surely then the "fire"
 Of God descended ! Antitype of Carmel,—but far higher,
 And more effective for our good,—O come, and largely shed
 Thy sacred influence again, and bid it now o'erspread
 The universal Church ! Forgotten Thy almighty Power
 Has nigh become ! O come again, blest Pentecostal hour !

LIX.

But slender as thy influence upon the Church at large,—
 Because that every Christian hath not believed the charge,

That all be filled with Power Divine:—yet are there ever those
Who know its meaning,—feel that power! For they in truth repose
All confidence in God, from whom their souls' rich joy and peace,
Their consolations, flow,—a stream that never can decrease!

LX.

O Christian! whence have sprung, in times of dire distress,—
Beside the opened grave, or when, in deepest bitterness,
Thy soul has mourned for wealth or friends,—that soothing, peaceful
thought—
That high enduring confidence? Those kindled hopes,—could aught
On earth produce them? No! For they came down from God, as “fire”
Upon Elijah's sacrifice,—surpassing all desire!

LXI.

Thou gavest ALL to HIM, and all HIS “FULNESS” HE gave THEE!
O rich reward for thy surrender! Canst thou well foresee
What yet remains? Exceedingly, abundantly His power,
Above thy most ecstatic thought, shall work in thee each hour!
The riches of His gracious love unsearchable and glorious are!
O come, in Him thy treasure find,—let nothing thee debar!

LXII.

Thy little “ALL” is naught to His immensity of wealth!
Thy utmost power is feebleness, thy wisdom and thy health
But folly and disease, with Him! His marvellous wealth of love
Shall thy expanding soul amaze! To brighter scenes above,
His mighty power shall lift thee high, as borne on “eagle's wings”;
And all thy thought shall gladly dwell on everlasting things!

LXIII.

“Ye saw,” said God to Israel, “how you of old I bare
“On eagles' wings!” And as the way of eagle through the air
“Is wonderful,”* even so, O God! did Thy way truly seem!

* Prov. xxx. 19.

Their history is eloquent, as an inspiring theme,
Of Thy protecting care! And as Thou barest them at first
From Egypt, through the wilderness, then into Canaan erst:

LXIV.

E'en so that day, on Carmel's Mount, Thy loving care was seen,
For Thou, to save Thy people then, didst grandly intervene!
And still the spreading of Thy wings is o'er Thy chosen sons!
O gracious thought! what power it hath to cheer God's "hidden ones"!
To inspire for heavenward flights, with eye fixed only on the sun!
Thus higher still each day to rise until our journey's done!

LXV.

Is this too grand a thought, O man, for thy weak faith to grasp?
Dost thou believe the Word of God? Then art thou bidden clasp
The very Throne itself in prayer, and evermore to live
"AS SEEING THE INVISIBLE"! Then strive with joy to give
Thy faith's whole strength to seize the truth! Then shalt thou daily prove
How thou mayst live, e'en here, in God, and always heavenward move!

LXVI.

His loving, watchful Eye shall ever mark thy varying course!
Not one of earth's calamities shall e'er prevail to force
Thy soul from His o'ershading wings! Thy everlasting Rock
Is God! O build in Him the hopes no storm of time can shock!
Thus building high, how easy *then* to plume thy faith to rise,
Despising earth's far distant scenes, and penetrate the skies!

LXVII.

Then, Christian, let the Men of Time their fragile vessels fill
From poisoned earthly streams, that must all nobler yearning kill:
Let such their energies exhaust in fruitless, vain pursuits,
And live in absence from their God, to reap sin's bitter fruits:
Be thine the grand ambition, to raise thy soul far higher,
And worship evermore, "THE GOD THAT ANSWERETH BY FIRE!"



"COME UNTO ME AND REST."



I.

THE bells of heaven are sweetly chiming now!
O hark, my soul! the melody so fine
Is stealing o'er thee! Come, then, meekly bow,
And catch, with reverent joy, the notes divine,—
"Come unto Me and rest"!

II.

Thou art so weary with earth's vanities:
The wells of pleasure fail to satisfy:
All time's pursuits are unrealities:—
Then listen to the music from on high,—
"Come unto Me and rest"!

III.

Oh! soothingly these cadences would fall,
In days long past, on many weary souls!
Hope's cheering beams would spring,—the joy of all;
And still the sacred, winning music rolls,—
"Come unto Me and rest"!

IV.

We do come, Lord! Thy soothing tenderness
Doth melt the hardness our poor hearts approve;
We cannot stay behind while gentleness
Like Thine pours forth a ceaseless song of love,—
"Come unto Me and rest"!



"Come unto Me and Rest."

V.

All wearied, Lord, and worn, with sin and care,
 Not worthy of Thy graciousness, Thy love:
 But charmed that Thou shouldst ever bid us share
 The largess Thou dost scatter from above,—
"Come unto Me and rest"!

VI.

Peal grandly forth, ye chimes of heavenly joy!—
 Oh, blithely may your strains enchant our lives!
 Amid the scenes of each day's stern employ,
 Our toil-worn hearts your melody revives,—
"Come unto Me and rest"!

VII.


Yea! we shall rest with Thee for evermore!
 And even *here* we rest in glorious peace!
 Assured of halcyon days on yonder shore,
 We calmly wait: while joy-bells never cease,—
"Come unto Me and rest"!

VIII.

The rest above we contemplate, but fail
 To guess the extent of all its wide expanse;
 But we shall *know* its range within the veil,
 Whence ring the tuneful chords that now entrance:
"Come unto Me and rest"!

IX.

The loved ones whom those notes have lured on high,
 Have heard celestial choirs the strains renew:
 And, as they rose to spheres beyond the sky,
 Then sweeter still the words of Jesus grew,—
"Come unto Me and rest"!



X.

For, as the pearly gates flew open wide,
To admit the ransomed of the Lord within,
Forth pealed the harmonies, in fullest tide,
Of all the glorious throng of cherubin,—
 "Come, weary one—come, come and rest"!

XI.


And, as the thrilling echoes died away—
His voice,—oh! sweeter than earth's silver bells,—
Then bade them in the "many mansions" stay,—
His "Father's House,"—where radiant gladness dwells,—
 "COME UNTO ME AND REST"!



MY DREAM.

THE THREE THRONES.

'Twas night, and swiftly passing visions sped,
And played in phantasy around my bed:
I now was sailing far across the sea;
Again was listening to sweet minstrelsy;
And then, amid the roaring tide of life
On some stupendous theatre of strife,
Bewildered, jostled, I was hurried fast
Among the eager throng; until at last
Methought I heard a mighty, thrilling sound,
And saw the gathered Hosts of Heaven around
The great WHITE THRONE, and HIM that sat thereon;
While thick the final harvest rose anon
On every side, of men and women ripe
For the angel-reapers! Striving hard to wipe
My streaming eyes—for sins came thick and fast
To my remembrance,—I was borne and cast
Before the Throne itself! Oh, would that I—
I thought in agony—had but drawn nigh
The THRONE OF GRACE before it was too late:
But now eternal ruin was my fate!
And thus I quivering lay, prepared to hear
The dreadful word “DEPART!” assail my ear.
In that one moment swiftly rose a view
Of all my misspent years, all fresh and new,



As though the scenes were but of yesterday!
I groaned and hid my face as thus I lay.
Oh, worlds of untold riches would I give
(I thought) for one brief hour on earth to live!
The Saviour's fitness my lost soul to save
Impressed me deeply! Could I only crave
A single moment's space for penitence,
How eagerly my heart would sue, that sense
Of pardon might be gained! But, ah, TOO LATE!
Too LATE! resounded in my ears—TOO LATE!

* * * * *

Then suddenly, as changes swift occur
In dreams, a solemn hush to all the stir
Succeeded; and redoubled terror lent!
I raised my head, inquiring what it meant;
When, lo! the Throne, no longer white, was red,—
Its form was like the MERCY-SEAT, o'erspread
With purest gold. At either end, erect,
With overshadowing wings, and eyes deject,
A cherub stood, the blood-stained Mercy-Seat
Regarding—LIGHT, ineffable and sweet,
Between them! 'Twas the Bright Similitude
Of GOD MOST HIGH! I stood in attitude
Of solemn rapture, gazing reverently;
When, lo! as scenes, dissolving, rapidly
Return in other form in magic views,
So did this awful Symbol now transfuse
Its splendour, and reveal the SON OF MAN!
His head, encircled, bore the crown of thorn;
His sacred countenance was anguish worn;
His hands, His side, His feet, the tokens bore
Of what for me He suffered long before.
His eye, so full of pity, fell on me
In winning tenderness, and instantly

Constrained my heart to surge with hope and joy,
 And all my faculties to sweet employ!
 Oh, how I wept, and kissed those blessed feet!
 In ecstasy of love I sought retreat
 From all my grief in pardon for my sin,
 And tried His gracious, loving glance to win!
 Nor had I long to wait! "DEPART IN PEACE,"
 He said, "and all thy fears and sorrows cease!"
 O gracious words! What joy suffused my heart!
 In love mine eyes refused to dwell apart
 From His beloved face. In rapt amaze
 My grateful soul was filled with silent praise!

* * * * *

Again the vision changed! The Mercy-Seat
 Became a THRONE OF GLORY. 'Neath my feet
 The starry universe appeared a sapphire floor;
 Above, I saw a host of suns outpour,
 In dazzling lustre, their refulgent rays.
 And, 'mid the splendour of the heavenly blaze,
 Around the Throne a glorious bow was seen,
 Like that which crowned the lofty brow serene
 Of Ararat, prismatic in its hues,
 But clothed in emerald. Thus God renews
 His covenant of faithfulness, and says,
 "My Word endures in heaven through endless days!"
 Seraphic hosts in myriads round the Throne
 Converged, and sang, in sweetness all their own,
 The songs of gladness which they ceaselessly
 Pour forth in rapturous strains of jubilee!
 And now their melody, for one brief while,
 Was hushed, but to resume, in varied style,
 The praises of the lofty, glorious King.
 Again the wide expanse of heaven did ring
 With blended melodies of all the choirs,

And harmonies of thousand golden lyres!
O'erwhelmed by strains of such entrancing power,
Prostrate I fell, and in that solemn hour
Was speechless. Then I heard a gentle voice
That whispered, "Rise!" and bade the host rejoice
To bear me nearer to that glorious THRONE,—
While higher, louder still, the song had grown!
O who shall tell my ravishing delight
As I perceived its burden then aright!
For 'twas not of themselves, nor yet of HIM,
Surrounded on that Throne by Seraphim,
They sang their melody; but 'twas of *me*,—
Of what I was, and what I was to be!
"THY SON WAS DEAD," they sang, with thrilling sound;
"BUT NOW HE LIVES: WAS LOST, BUT NOW IS FOUND!"
And echo answered echo as the song
Far spread beyond the limit of the throng!
And now innumerable realms rejoiced,
With glad accord of harmony, full voiced,
O'er that "ONE SINNER," who, repenting, fled
And found in Jesus, who for sinners bled,
Forgiveness, rest, and peace; and who at last,
Earth's sorrows and her dangers ever past,
The inner circle round the Throne had gained,
To be for heavenly joys and service trained.
A crown of triumph now upon my head
Was placed,—my soul with holy joy o'erspread.
Then reverently I gazed upon the Throne
Of God and of THE LAMB. To me were shown
The marks of all the agony that bought
My rescue from destruction. Then I sought
To hear His blessed voice, and see His face,
Who spake my pardon from the THRONE OF GRACE.
Again He spake! but who may understand
My rapture when He uttered His command

To "TAKE THE KINGDOM,"—and e'en bade me "COME,"
As "BLESSED" OF HIS "FATHER!" I was dumb!
Once more I fell, as gracious words like these
Assured me of my glad, eternal peace!
His face was luminous with love far more
Than words can tell. His brow the marks still bore
Of what He suffered in His mighty love:
But more I saw not: for around, above,
Was Light ineffable. Enshrouded there
Was HE who ever is,—who will not share
His glory with another; and whose Name,
And Nature, too, is "LIGHT." In loud acclaim
The angel-hosts again broke forth in song!
Ecstatic joys inspired the gladsome throng:
And, "WORTHY IS THE LAMB" was now their theme,
"Let blessing, honour, glory, power supreme,
"For evermore be His!" And now the shout
Of "HALLELUJAH" pealed the courts throughout:
And "HALLELUJAH" answered they afar,
As HALLELUJAHs spread to distant star!
Why all this praise? The answer flew around,—
"THE DEAD IS LIVING AND THE LOST IS FOUND"!



THE STORM ON THE LAKE.

"Peace, be still, . . . and there was a great calm."—ST MARK iv. 39.

I.

'Tis eventide, and still the lingering sunlight strews
A radiant largess o'er both sky and sea:
The rosy tints, the orange shafts, the purple hues,
Are mirrored bright in tranquil Galilee;
Ten thousand picture-wavelets break along the shore;
The verdant slopes their fruitfulness display;
The scented breezes waft their ever fragrant store—
'Tis calm repose, as of some glorious Sabbath-Day!

II.

Upon the shore, hard by Capernaum's favoured town,
An eager multitude is ranged, intent
On One, whose loving words and acts have brought renown
Through all that land—where'er His steps were bent,
Or where report of all His gracious deeds was spread.
They press upon Him, health to gain, to hear
His marvellous words, and some by enmity misled;
When, wearied, He embarks, across the lake to steer.

III.

But other ships are there besides that favoured one
Which bears the LORD, whom mortal flesh enshrines:
And these erelong are filled; when all push forth anon
To cross the tranquil lake; while He reclines,

For sleep, upon a pillow, in the hinder part.
 The light grows faint; the people, toiling, row,—
 The languid breeze but faintest movement can impart,—
 Until the shore is lost, and fades the evening glow.

IV.

The shadows deepen fast, as silently they press
 The yielding waters with their measured strokes;
 When, lo! a sound is heard, producing keen distress,—
 Fitful, as when King Æolus provokes
 To fierce and sudden combat his imprisoned winds.
 The gale descends in fury from the hills:
 The placid lake is lashed in angry foam. The minds
 Of all are terrified, and each with horror thrills!

V.

They dread the thought of speedy death, and quickly furl
 The now distended sails; while leaping waves
 O'ertop their little barks,—asunder madly hurl
 The vessels,—on wave crest, now in trough; and graves
 Await them far below the waters' angry frown.
 That boat, wherein the God-Man lies, is now
 Well-nigh engulfed, and soon will, lurching, settle down;
 When thought of HIM brings calmer mien to every brow!

VI.

They hastily awake the slumbering Man of Power;
 And clamorously they shout, in agony,
 "We perish, Master! Carest Thou not this dreadful hour?
 "Oh, save us, Lord! We perish utterly!"
 The vessel rocks, and shudders with the fierce onslaught
 Of winds and waves; and every heart is filled
 With dread,—save that of Him of whom they now take thought!
 In jeopardy, yet calm,—His soul no fear has thrilled!



VII.

By Him the whole has been foreseen,—perchance been planned!
His trust, as man, no peril may disturb:
Serene His sleep,—serene His waking too,—and grand
The majesty that rises up to curb
The warring elements, the creatures of His power!
The *man* has lain and slept; and now the *God*
Shines forth, as when, with word sublime, in earth's prime hour,
He spake, and light o'erspread the world—a radiant flood!

VIII.

So now He speaks—the winds their Master know and own:—
“BE STILL!” They instantly obey! The waves,
In swelling tumult erst, are calmed. No dying moan
Of storm is heard, for silence as of caves
Of dead has fallen swift upon the peaceful sea!
Oh wondrous Man, and wondrous word He spake!
No marvel, truly, is the fear that instantly
Befalls the faithless hearts that night on treacherous lake!

IX.

The raging tumult now has ceased; the clouds disperse;
The sea reflects the jewelled azure, bright
With million sapphire worlds of starry universe;—
’Tis peace of eventide,—the soul’s delight!
Oh, sacred calm! has e’er before thy magic spell
So deeply stirred the heart, and caused to breathe
Strange whisperings of that blissful land, where ever dwell
God’s holy ones, whose souls its peace and love enwreathes?

X.

Oh, surely no! yet still that deep, deep calm of soul,
Like that which fell on troubled Galilee,
Has visited the storm-tossed heart and soothed the whole,
When He who rules the storms of life and sea,

Has bid that heart "BE STILL" and KNOW that HE is God!
Distrust and care, with fear and wordy strife,
Ambition, hatred, lusting for revenge, a cloud
Of dark, infernal powers, o'ershadow all the life!

XI.


And oft, amid the direful tempest which they raise,
The voice of conscience, as in stern command,
Is silenced by the tumult, till the sinner prays,
As desolation looms on every hand,
"Oh, save me, Lord!—Dost Thou not care?—I perish, Lord!"
His time is come! The word of power goes forth!
The contest ceases, and the strife no more is heard!
The Peace of God, in place thereof, hath blessed birth!

XII.

Or hath calamity, like mighty avalanche,
O'erwhelmed the gladness both of heart and home:
Uprooted fortunes; sundered friends who once were stanch;
Despoiled of lovely child that used to roam,
With merry prattlings, laughing face, and bounding step,
Through house or field—of other kindred dear;
Till darkness fell around, and thoughts began to leap
In wild rebellion 'gainst God's love and holy fear?

XIII.

Then unbelief robbed faith of all its potency,
Or faith was weak to grapple with the foe!
The soul was prostrate laid, until its languid eye
Beheld that gracious Friend, who loved men so
That He, to bear their sorrows, came to intervene!
And then it was that, though the flesh was torn,
The holy balm of "I AM WITH THEE," calmed the scene,
And wrought both joy and hope in heart by anguish worn.



XIV.

O Lord, "increase our faith"! In all the varied times
When faith, Thy presence lost, will sadly fail,
Make Thou that presence known! O let the sacred chimes
Of Truth and Love be heard above the wail
Of inward and of outward storm! Thy loving care
Is deeper far than widest thought can grasp!
Our devious way it doth encompass everywhere:
Then may we, both in life and death, the assurance clasp!

XV.

We then shall ride secure amid time's darkest storm:
Our confidence no change shall ever move:
Our heart and flesh may fail, but Thou wilt e'er perform
Thy Word to lead us to Thy rest above!
Then we with sacred joy will now our way pursue;
And, be it o'er the stormy waves by night,
Or through the desert, where both friends and joys are few,
Onward our course shall be, for Thou wilt guide aright!



HUMILITY.


"At His feet, behind Him, weeping."—*ST LUKE vii. 38.*

I.

AN! loving Saviour, through Thy grace,
I crave this day no higher place:
 O let me kiss Thy feet!
My soul in penitence bows low;
On Thee I would my heart bestow,
 And stand behind Thee at Thy feet!
My sins I try in vain to count,—
O who shall tell their great amount?
 I, weeping, languish at Thy feet!

II.

I fain would look up to Thy face,
Yet will I now myself abase,—
 And humbly kiss Thy feet!
O Lord, I pray Thee, let me know
The way that Thou wouldst have me go,—
 I come behind Thee at Thy feet!
I think how oft from Thee I stray,
And try Thy love each passing day,—
 Then, weeping, follow at Thy feet!



III.


The poor in spirit Thou wilt bless,
And robe in Thy own righteousness,
 Who long to kiss Thy feet!
And such would I, Thy servant, be;
And follow till Thy Home I see,
 Behind Thee, at Thy gracious feet!
And if I follow Thee with tears,
Thou hast removed my bitter fears,—
 Weeping for joy at Thy dear feet!

IV.

Thy lore of wisdom is unrolled,
And wonders deep of love untold,
 To those who kiss Thy feet!
To me, O Lord, that wisdom show,—
Reveal that love, as thus I go
 Behind Thee at Thy blessed feet!
Oh, when I now look back and see
What Thou in love hast wrought for me,
 Weeping, I kiss Thy feet!

V.

Thy feet the sacred tokens bear
Of Thy great love, so rich, so rare,—
 I *yearn* to kiss Thy feet!
What cruel stripes Thy shoulders bore!
I gaze in awe,—Thy love adore,—
 And, wondering, stand behind Thy feet!
And when I think 'twas all for me,
With sorrow—but how joyfully!—
 I, weeping, kiss Thy feet!



Humility.

VI.

Be it, through life, my bliss, O Lord,
To sit and listen to Thy Word,
 Low bending at Thy feet!
No higher joy on earth be mine
Than that my steps should follow Thine
 Behind, in traces of Thy feet!
'Twill keep my soul in lowliness—
Though filled with Thy own joyfulness—
 Weeping, to kiss Thy feet!

VII.

And when to heaven my soul ascends,
Sees all the marks, and lowly bends
 In reverence at Thy feet;
With rapture, then, where'er they lead,
My steps shall move with joyful speed,
 E'en still behind Thy blessed feet!
For all the more I know of Thee,
Filled deeper with humility,
 I still shall bow,—all weeping o'er,—
 And ~~ever~~ kiss Thy feet!



THE REJECTION AT NAZARETH.

"He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."—
ST MATTHEW xiii. 58.

"He marvelled because of their unbelief."—ST MARK vi. 6.

I.

O NAZARETH! thou chosen home of God Most High
Disguised as feeble man,
We would that thy most hallowed days might beautify
This earth once more!
With longing eyes we scan
Time's distant shore
To hail the coming of the "Prince of Peace," whose life,
So calm, so pure, so sweet,
Declared its origin divine! So free from strife,
It shone in loveliness complete!

II.

Thy streets, thy fields, thy House of Prayer, have sacred grown
To every Christian heart.
Yon hill, which murderous feet did tread to cast Him down,
In boyhood's day,
He climbed, from all apart;
And as He lay,
Outstretched, upon the flowery sward,—His lustrous eyes
Far searching through the gloom
Of ages,—thoughts too huge for words would then arise,
And, 'mid them all, the Cross and Tomb!

III.

That home—for dwelling-place of God Most High so dim!—
 How full of sacred peace!
 That mother's heart,—rich garnered with deep thought of Him,
 Whose look and word
 Her treasure-store increase,—
 How deeply stirred!
 That daily task, wrought out with care in sweat of brow,—
 The Future flashing a gleam
 Of light, meanwhile, upon His soul, to presage how
 That soul shall all mankind redeem!

IV.

That stately walk 'mid friends, so full of winning grace!
 That evening converse rare,
 Prolonged till set of sun! The prayer and song of praise!
 The calm repose
 Of God's beloved Heir,
 While stars disclose
 Their guardian eyes, like angels', full of wondering love!—
 Full thirty years thus passed
 Of life more precious than ten thousand lives. They prove
 How truly *love* all else surpassed!

V.

Then Sabbath came, and with it holy prayer. The Lord,
 In whom all wisdom reigned,
 Was taught! The Synagogue beheld Him as He heard
 The ancient law,—
 Which He Himself ordained!—
 In Him no flaw
 Was found; each duty done as were He only man!
 And thus the Light did shine
 In thee, O Nazareth! Then wherefore could ye plan,
 Ye Scribes, to *quench* that Light divine?

VI.

The noble life—the life of God in man—shone forth
In Jesus! What He did
And said, is that which we should do and say! Its worth
No tongue can tell!
Its light was never hid!
Could it dispel
The gloom of sin and death? It did. The rays of joy
O'erspread His path; the calm
Of heaven bedewed all hearts with peace; and no alloy
Impaired that life of sacred balm!

VII.

Was ever town so blest? The God-like Prince of Life
There showed, in lustre full,
How men may walk 'mid sin, and woe, and deadly strife,
All undefiled!
Be patient too, and cull—
By love beguiled—
The flowers of life! yea, life that blooms in Paradise!
O would that we Thy day
Of grace could see!—could watch that wondrous Man, and rise
With Him to walk, and with Him stay!

VIII.

And yet, exalted thus, thou Nazareth, misled,
To lowest depth wast swept!
A foe—the canker-worm of souls—thine eye o'erspread
With blinding film,
Thine heart did intercept
And overwhelm!
No danger threatened till the day when He must shine
In fuller glory. Then
Deep mutterings were heard. The stainless life divine
Was overlooked by thoughtless men!

IX.

High problem, true, it was for them to solve how He,
 A mortal *man*—though seer,—
 Whose kinsfolk there abode,—could their “Messiah” be!
 Yet must He speak!
 Time’s fulness draweth near!
 He now must seek
 His work. No longer may the village home suffice:
 His soul hath wider span
 Than home, or town, or native land can grasp! It tries
 To join in love the *race* of man!

X.

That work, in simple but effective dignity,
 Began in Jordan’s stream.
 The parted heaven and holy Dove bade all men see,—
 The solemn Voice
 Bade all men know,—the esteem
 Jehovah’s CHOICE*
 In His high Court received. Now God’s beloved Son,—
 Satan’s ordeal past,—
 His sacred mission opens: all men’s hearts are won:
 Yet who can its result forecast?

XI.

He traverses the well-known region of the Lake,
 And comes to preach the Word
 In Nazareth, the town in which His youth and manhood’s days
 Were spent. Perchance
 The next is Sabbath-Day.
 In ignorance
 As yet of all His grand design, the people crowd
 Around Him eagerly,
 In silence, and with curious gaze. Nor dare they speak aloud,—
 Awed by His gracious majesty.

* St Luke xxiii. 35.



XII.

The rumour spread before Him stirred all hearts to see
The well-known face again.
To yield Him homage due to *seer*, and bow the knee,
They would prepare
Their minds. And they would fain
Rejoice that ere
He entered far upon His work, He would unfold
That work,—its end disclose:
And this He *did*, but, oh! what startling things He told
Before that mournful Sabbath's close!

XIII.

The morning came,—a morn to thee, O Nazareth!
Of richer grace than e'er
Thy wildest dreams foretold of prophet power,—whose breath
Might raise to life
The dead (endowment rare!)
And warlike strife
Forbid to all the nations round! The people flocked
In crowds. In silent awe,
With “fastened” eyes, they sat, while He to them unlocked
The vision that Isaiah saw.

XIV.

O wondrous words of gracious power! “But can He mean,”
They cried, with wondering thrill,
“That *He* fulfils that prophecy? Why, we have seen
“His infant days,—
“His riper years,—until
“His noble ways
“We knew full well! We marked His wisdom,—and we hear
“His mother's darkling thought:
“But our Messiah Lord in *glory* shall appear!
“’Tis thus our Rabbis ever taught!

XV.

“What vain ambition! Joseph’s son,—dare *he* aspire
“Our nation to restore?
“Our prophecies fulfil? Our types complete? Higher
“Than Abraham
“Become? O madness more
“Than folly’s dream!
“Away, away,” they cry; and, pressing round Him, drive
Their passive victim out,—
Along the streets,—upon the hill;—and there contrive
To cause His death with frenzied shout!

XVI.

O marvellous revenge for gracious words! But they,
Who should have led aright
The erring, wilful crowd, uprise when He doth say
That God’s own land
Endured a grievous slight,
By His command,
In days long past, when Gentile nations were preferred
To faithless Israel:
And, wild with rage, forget all else that they have heard,—
Their souls engrossed by a fiendish spell.

XVII.

But all their rage is vain! To one near point anon
They stretch their wickedness:
Their murderous rage is impotent at brow of cliff! Gone
Their gentle prey!
Their hands are powerless
Him to betray!
Far hence, on messages of love through Galilee,
His sacred steps are bent!
His would-be slayers stand aghast, for—where is He
Whose form they held so closely pent?



XVIII.

Ah! what a tale is this to tell? We seek the cause
Of all this fervid rage,
And fail to understand its force, until the laws
That rule the heart
Of fallen man we gauge,
When these impart
The burning answer: "UNBELIEF"! Whate'er the proof—
How clear, how full, how strong,—
It matters not! A prophet's kindred stand aloof,
And *will* believe that he is wrong!

XIX.

And, thus, unblest is Nazareth! Her sick and poor,
Save here and there a few
Whose faith the Blessed Lord approves, are held from cure
By UNBELIEF!
How solemn the review!
They let a thief
Invade their homes, and rob them of all peace and joy!
Alas! their sons will wait,
In weary hope that He, whom now they would destroy,
Return,—but, ah! too late,—too late!

XX.

No certain record tells of His return; for though
Brief fragments may this state,
He scarce again could marvel at their sin: so low
Their souls at first
Had gone in deadly hate.
They did their worst
To Him, although they knew Him full of grace and truth!
So, NEVER to return,
He went! Yet would His loving tenderness, in sooth—
His full compassion,—ever yearn!

XXI.

And have not WE our Lord rejected? Who now sees
 The "MIGHTY WORKS" the Word
 Hath promised? Where is the "PERFECT MAN," in love and peace,
 In joy and strength,
 In patience, like our Lord?
 Whose faith at length
 Shall all things overcome, and whom God's fulness fills
 With richest grace? Who lives
 With God in holiness,—sublime above all ills,—
 And who, like Jesus, aye forgives?

XXII.

Where are the mighty Sons of God, whose confidence
 In Him is so complete,—
 Their FAITH so mighty,—love so fervently intense,—
 And fortitude
 So grand,—beyond defeat,—
 That they have stood
 As bulwarks of the Truth; and by their lives proclaim
 How all men ought to shine?
 Where are these wondrous men? Are they unknown to fame?
 Do none show forth the Man Divine?

XXIII.

Faith is not dead; but *Christians* are! or they would rise
 On eagle wings and cleave
 The heavens in holy thought and prayer,—their eager eyes
 Upon the Throne
 Fast fixed,—and interweave,
 Through grace alone,
 Bright joys in legions with the warp of life! The day
 Is sorrow-laden *now*;
 But when full TRUST IN GOD shall its own joy convey,
 All care shall cease, we know not how!

XXIV.

Then, thou, my soul, thy distaff grasp, and spin the thread
That shall the cable form
To anchor well thy love within the veil! O tread
The lofty steep!
Shun lower scenes of storm,
Flee the vile deep
Of sensual joys! Endowed for nobler things, look high!
Build thou thy hopes above!
As seeing Him who is invisible, but nigh,
O scale the heavens with wings of love!

XXV.

Then wilt thou know the secret power God gives to those
Who truly TRUST in Him!
The Nazarenes discarded this, and rashly chose
The downward road
Of UNBELIEF! How dim
Their sight! The load
Of blessings that awaited them they saw not! Sad
Their fall; and thine will be
As deep,—rejecting Him who came to make thee glad!—
He ne'er again may visit thee!

XXVI.

The portals of thy heart, then, open wide! Whate'er
He *says* do thou *believe*!
No stinted credence give to His own Word! Aware
Of His great power,
His promises receive
This gracious hour!
That power is vast indeed! Thou “mighty works” shalt see
That utterly transcend
All human thought! Not faithless, but BELIEVING, be,—
And know God's marvels never end!

XXVII.


And what great things are these that God will do for man?
Prepared for them that love
His Name, He hath a store no human mind can scan!
For God can do
Exceedingly above,
And better, too,
Than all their lofty thoughts can gauge! His sacred hoard
Of love is aye immense!
His power as great! He who made all by sovereign word
Can fill man's soul with love intense!

XXVIII.

That love shall change his nature, and in him renew
The likeness of God's Son!
For He hath said it! O stupendous change! How few
Believe this word!
"Image of the HOLY ONE!
"A thing unheard,
"Incredible!" Thus unbelief gives God the lie,
And daringly asserts
That He deludes our souls! Man thus prefers to die,
And all God's loving plans subverts!

XXIX.

The triumph over sin is pledged; joy, peace, and love,
In conscious blessedness;
A bright and hopeful life,—the heart with Christ above,
Where it should dwell;
A life of holiness,
Whose sacred spell
Protects from all the ills the world or sin makes rife
Around the godly soul;
And ALL the heart can need,—and *more!* For God's own LIFE
In FULNESS shall possess the whole!



xxx.

But men are not thus blest! Content they walk in path
Of death's beclouded land,—
Yet call it light! Of doubt and dread, and call it faith!
Of fear, and say
They cannot understand
That love which may
Cast out all fear! Their sins they oft deplore, yet plead
It must so be till death!
God made not lilies thus,—nor doth He us mislead!
He perfects Christians by His Breath.

xxxI.

Then breathe, O Spirit of the living God, the FAITH
That mountains can remove!
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word, and what *that* saith
At once accepts
And rests upon! The LOVE
That intercepts
All hurtful thoughts and looks and words, and knits in one
All Christian hearts! The PEACE
So sweet, so undisturbed, that wafts us to the Throne,
Where harmony doth never cease!

xxxII.

O pour Thy blessing thus on Church and home! Let all
Submissive yield! Baptized
By Thee, Thy children then shall walk as of Thy call
In some degree
More worthy. Solemnised
By what they see
Of Thy great purposes, and of Thy Holiness,—
They will their foes defeat,
And, yearning truly with the heart's deep tenderness,
Will live in unity complete!

XXXIII.

O Father! speed the day when Thy own sons shall be
Perfect as Thou! Then they
May hope to conquer evermore! Looking to Thee—
Their faith grown bold—
They will go forth each day,
Like saints of old,
From conquering to conquer! Make giants of them all!
Giants in *faith* and *love*!
Giants in *strength* for war or peace! Our God! we call
For “mighty works” from heaven above!

XXXIV.

O startle by the fate of Nazareth all those
Whom sinful doubts ensnare!
Their danger let them see! O do Thou interpose!
Arouse Thy sons!
Bid them of DOUBT beware!
Thy chosen ones
Should have FULL TRUST IN THEE! Make known Thy power!
Knit all their hearts as one!
Then shall we see Thy glory spread, and from this hour
Thy perfect reign on earth begun!



"CHILDREN" OF THE "KING ETERNAL, IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE."

"Ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Cor. vi. 18.

I.

STRIKE high the note, ye servants of our God!
His people fail to see their glorious lineage!
A faint and passing gleam comes o'er their hearts at times,
When holier thoughts and nobler impulses engage
Their souls, far reaching after God, like heavenly chimes
That call to realms no mortal foot hath trod!

II.

O let the truth be known in gracious power,
To raise frail men in all their ceaseless, weary strife!
Bid them to hear the voice that calls them sweetly higher,—
To live, while here, the pure, the peaceful, joyous life;
That now their hearts may burn with true seraphic fire!
'Tis God whose voice they hear each passing hour!

III.

Lord! are Thy people "few?" We rarely see
The Image of Thy Royal Son where'er we turn!
We look abroad o'er all Thy Church the proof to find
Of what Thy Word has clearly said;—for those who yearn
To love Thee utterly,—the men of saintly mind:
Like scattered stars, they shine in rarity!

IV.

Yet men in thousands call themselves Thy "sons;"
In every Christian land and Church these "sons" are found:
Thy Word is on their lips,—Thy "cause" they talk about,—
And here and there is one who gives his liberal pound;
And, more or less, is heartily devout:
Still, do they *walk* as loved and "hidden ones"?

V.

Have Thy grand purposes been fully wrought
In these professors of Thy great and glorious Name?
"Religion," such as marks the throng of "Christian" folk,
Is this Thy handiwork, O God? For very shame
We hide our faces in the dust, and Thee invoke
To cause Thy Church to love Thee as she ought!

VI.

Thy Word has struck the key-note high indeed!
There we behold the portraiture of man renewed
To Thy own Image! There we see how loftily
The Christian life is drawn in noblest altitude:
For, *of* Thee, *in* Thee, *for* Thee, *with* Thee,—Thine to be,—
Thou bidd'st men live,—from sin and sorrow freed!

VII.

"Too high?" Ah! such, indeed, it is for those
Who "love the world" and all its vain pursuits and cares!
Who set their heart on wealth, on pleasure, or on fame;
Who fail to cultivate the soul, that, e'en now, bears
The impress clear of God, from whom at first it came;
And concord make with all His deadly foes!

VIII.

"Too high," indeed, for those who live at ease;
To whom God's service is but weary servitude;
Or who possess no strength to cope with bosom sin;



Whose nerveless prayers and praise ne'er rise above the rood,
Although, in tune, full-voiced, they swell the walls within!
Oh! when will all this sinful languor cease?

IX.

Yet *not* "too high" for those who recognise
How high JEHOVAH is, who doth His "sons" command
To rise to His own sanctity; and that His "might"
Is guaranteed, that men may fully understand
That all the work is HIS, by which the lofty height
Is reached to which He bids the Christian rise.

X.

Where are Thy sons, O God? we ask again.
Our minds conceive their likeness as of loftiest mould!
Their walk is upright, fearless, as Thou know'st their heart;
They scorn life's miry ways,—they value more than gold,
Refined in crucible, their purity.—Apart
They stand from all that would their souls enchain.

XI.

Truth shows its native strength through tongue and pen:
Their eye beams bright with love to God and love to man:
Their very presence tells of Him they so much love:
Their converse breathes a heavenly odour sweeter than
The box of spikenard Mary brake her love to prove.
But tell me where to find these God-like men!

XII.

We look around and search for them in vain!
But here and there we find a loving soul that knows
The truth, and yearns its fuller blessedness to feel:
While others say,—so numerous are their deadly foes,
And all the ills of life so great,—they cannot deal
With God's supreme demands, that He may reign.

XIII.

Oh, but they think too little of their Lord !
Is He the absent Being whom their faith depicts ?
Unable to accomplish fully that which He designs ;
"Bewildering by high commands which He inflicts" :
Or, Mighty, Faithful, Present, for what He defines ?
Let us decide according to His Word !

XIV.

God is not man that He should lie ; and we
May rivet fast our faith to His recorded mind :
"MY SONS AND DAUGHTERS," saith the King of earth and heaven,
"Is that which YE SHALL BE!" And we shall truly find
His Father's Heart and Strength and Home to us are given !
O wondrous height of man's felicity !

XV.

Then let us take His Word in all its power !
What God has said can never lead our souls astray !
Each "jot and tittle" of His Word shall be fulfilled,—
And more,—in all our daily life ! Let us obey
Our soul's nobility of birth,—with awe be thrilled,—
And walk as ROYAL CHILDREN every hour !

XVI.

Thus, let our carriage, as our birth, be high !
Our words be few, and as become the lips of kings !
Each day's pursuits, endorsed with heaven's nobility,—
With royal hand, from out the treasury of things
Celestial and divine, to scatter joyfully
The largess of pure LOVE that none can buy !

XVII.

True tenderness beneath it all will flow !
Humility the girdle of our heart will be !
Deep reverence our soul will inly clothe each hour :

And outwardly these high credentials men will see,
And know we are in truth endowed with royal power,—
The power to love and help where'er we go!

XVIII.

Such ought Thy sons to be, O King of kings!
As children of Thy grace, Thou bidd'st them recognise
Their high vocation, and to walk in worthiness
Of such a calling! Grand the thought, and truly wise,
To raise, as THOU hast raised, the soul! Thy Name we bless,
And pray that all may know the hope it brings!

XIX.

For if thus highly blest while here below,
What wealth of unknown glory shall Thy sons attain
When they shall reach their heavenly Kingdom and their Throne!
But language fails to tell how they, as Kings, shall reign:
Yet is it TRUE! But God hath not the *whole* made known!
For *that* no earthly symbol can foreshow!



"ONE IN US."



My soul hath girt her round
To embrace her mighty Lord,
And tremblingly essays to sound
The depth of His own Word.

Ah! wondrous depth and height!
What God-born soul may tell
The secret of her life so bright,—
The "life" she loveth well!

Fast by the Throne of God
That life in Christ is hid;
Its source divine, its stream a flood
Whose tide none may forbid!

'Tis past all mortal ken,—
No human thought can tell,—
How men in God, and God in men,
For evermore may dwell!

We count it all a dream;
We know not God is true!
Oh, can we thus His love's grand theme
For ever slight anew?



In wondrous love He pours
Time's gifts with lavish hand;
Then, can He stint the grace that dowers
His sons with life so grand?

Reach high, my soul, reach high!
Thy God hath bid thee soar!
His fulness,—if thou wilt but try,—
Shall fill thee evermore!


The splendours of His love,
The grandeur of His power,
The mighty joys of heaven above,
Shall move thee evermore!

Come, take Him at His word!
Let no false hopes allure!
Go, climb the heavens and prove the Lord,
How vast His grace,—how sure!

In heavenly places sit,
With Jesus glorified;
With His blest light thy soul be lit,
Now in the furnace tried.

Thy faith shall spread her wings,
And what thy God hath said
Thou shalt believe, with faith that brings
Rich blessing on thy head.

GOD IN THEE, thou shalt show
How Christians here should shine
With His own light,—that men may know
Their life should be divine!



Then on to glory move;
From strength to strength go on;
Let self be lost, and faithful prove:
Shine forth a royal son!

A son of God Most High,
An heir of Jesu's throne,
O walk as such,—on God rely,—
And long to claim thine own:

Where in His love for aye
Thou evermore shalt rest,
Throughout the endless, blissful Day,
Upon His loving Breast!



"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

(1 ST PETER v. 7.)


"Be careful for nothing."—PHIL. iv. 6.

I.

OMNISCIENT love of God!
O marvellous grace to win!
But *can* He know the heart's deep woe,
Divine its buried sin,
Or scan its weary load?
Those aching cares that unawares
Invade the tranquil soul,—
Can sovereign love control?

II.

The universe is vast:
The circling orbs revolve,
And mightier spheres than faith can pierce,
By Him their problems solve,
All human reckoning past!
Their secret power, each passing hour,
His prescient wisdom guides:
His love o'er all presides!



"He Careth for You."

III.

In these great works, O God,
 We see Thy Majesty:
 Thy Mind profound: and all around
 The proofs of Sovereignty!
 Thy Forethought is abroad,
 In secret law, devoid of flaw,—
 In wondrous properties,—
 In order most precise!

IV.

But canst Thou deeper look,
 Man's inmost heart behold?
 His thoughts so dark we may not mark
 Their labyrinths; in-rolled
 Besides, like ancient book?
 Canst Thou unveil the froward tale
 His daily life involves,—
 So full of deep resolves?

V.

Ten thousand mysteries,
 Like subtle force concealed,—
 As look of friend,—to life may lend
 Deep colouring. Men wield
 Each other's destinies!
 Such simple cause, beyond all laws
 Of deepest human thought,
 Perplexity has brought.

VI.

To *Thee*, my God? Is Thine
 All-seeing eye at fault?
 O surely no! for were it so
 Our reverence might halt!



But Thou art all *Divine*:
To grasp Thee now,—discover how
Thou workest,—this is not
A part of mortal's lot!

VII.

But ours it is to cling
In loving confidence;
No bounds to place to Thy own grace,
But since Thou art far hence,
To bend, all wondering,
And humbly own before Thy throne
How much Thy power and love
Our deepest reverence move!

VIII.

We cannot find Thee out!
Thou ever hidest, Lord!
And men may seek for Thee to speak,
But Thou wilt ne'er record
Thy Presence *till* they doubt
Themselves, and bring their hearts that cling
To earth or sordid pelf,
And yield them to Thyself!

IX.

Hast *thou*, O man, done this?
Then wilt thou fully know
How much God sees, how much foresees,—
How far His power doth go.
Thy highest thought of bliss
He will transcend, and sweetly bend
The crooked things of time,
In harmony sublime!

"He Careth for You."

X.

In unison most sweet
 With His own blessed Will
 His love so deep will ever keep
 Thy wayward heart so still,
 That at His sacred feet
 Each happy day thou wilt delay,
 And, wondering, own the might
 Of such blest oversight!

XI.


Now, but one gracious word
 Of all His marvellous ways
 He stoops to speak, that we may seek
 To trust Him all our days:
 "Be still,"—thus saith the Lord,—
 "And know that I am God Most High!
 "Supreme, in heaven above
 "And earth beneath, I move.

XII.

"To Me the sparrow cries,
 "To Me the beast of prey;
 "They ask for food; and all their good,
 "Through every passing day,
 "My generous love supplies.
 "My liberal hand, o'er all the land,
 "The need of all provides,
 "And every action guides.

XIII.

"I clothe the lily bright,
 "The fields with grass and corn;
 "Send gracious rain, and in its train
 "The rays of smiling morn—



"A robe of gladsome light!
"Nor is this all: high festival
"Mine angels keep in heaven
"For my rich bounty given.

XIV.

"Yet are there some I love
"As love I none beside!
"Of heavenly birth, especial worth
"I place on them, and hide
"Their life with Me above!
"No dread alarm, nor any harm
"Can injure these my sons,
"My treasure, chosen ones!

XV.

"I loved them in the past!
"Before time's transient span
"Of day and night and seasons bright
"Its course of joy began,
"I loved them! Though outcast,
"In after time, when serpent slime
"Had done its work of ill,
"I loved them even still!

XVI.

"By gift of Him who came
"To rescue them from woe,
"My love supreme, in need extreme,
"My sovereign love, I show,—
"Investing with the name
"Of 'SONS OF GOD,' through Jesu's blood,
"The helpless sons of men,—
"Divinely born again!

"He Careth for You."

XVII.

"These children of My love,
 "With tender care I guard;
 "To Me alone their wants are known;
 "None can My aid retard!
 "I watch them from above:
 "Before they cry* mine angels fly
 "To succour their distress
 "In life's dark wilderness!

XVIII.

"So precious are My sons
 "That all their griefs are Mine!†
 "Their thoughts I know before they flow,
 "Unfolding their design,
 "In words. These treasured ones‡
 "I value more than Ophir-store!
 "I shape their devious way,
 "And guard them lest they stray!

XIX.

"In vigilance like Mine,
 "They rest in calm repose!
 "In secret place of richest grace
 "I shield them from their foes,
 "Howe'er they may combine!
 "Yet there is more: a richer store
 "Of blessing for the *soul*
 "Wherewith to crown the whole!

XX.

"My presence I make known:
 "My love, My joy, My peace,
 "I freely give: In ME they live!
 "I cause their fear to cease.

* Isa. lxy. 24. † Ib. lxiii. 9. ‡ Ps. cxxxv. 4.

"So they are not alone.
"Each hour the same, My Holy Name
"Shall their defence assure,
"If they their own abjure."

XXI.

Oh! happy are Thy sons,
Most gracious Lord of all!
We now rejoice with heart and voice,
As we Thy love recall
Towards Thy Hidden Ones!
We humbly bow before Thee now,
And own Thy gracious power,—
Our Refuge and High Tower!

XXII.

"Yet richer grace in store
"I have," our Father saith,
"Than 'eye' hath seen, or than hath been
"To 'ear' disclosed through faith!
"In Mine abode is more
"Than cherubim or seraphim
"Hath e'er in heart conceived,
"Or child of God believed!

XXIII.

"My sovereign grace prevailed
"To conquer sin and death!
"I paid in full, and rendered null
"The claims of law, whose breath
"Man's ruin hath entailed!
"There now abides all else besides
"My love unknown can give,
"That man may ever LIVE!"

"He Careth for You."

XXIV.

Then, surely, we will trust
 The love of such a Friend!
 We cannot doubt, for, all throughout,
 His love, that knows no end,
 Encompasses the just!
 Then let us sing, and ever wing
 Our upward flight to Him,
 From earthly joy so dim!

XXV.

God loves us! Wondrous love!
 O Christian! hush thy soul
 And listen now! Then lowly bow:
 Bid Him thy heart control,—
 Bear thee, e'en now, above,—
 And all thy days make bright with praise!
 He knows thy every care,
 And foils each hurtful snare!

XXVI.

His one most joyful word
 Is TRUST! Then, look on high!
 He now will bear our every care,—
 Will hear our faintest sigh!
 The love of Christ our Lord,
 In sweetest calm, its sacred balm
 Of PEACE shall richly shed
 Alike on heart and head!

XXVII.

Dark clouds may rise: the storm
 May beat round heart and home:
 Friends faithless prove: e'en those we love
 May be estranged; and some,



Whom gratitude should warm,
May turn aside in sinful pride:
While others yet may seek
With scathing tongue to speak!

XXVIII.

What recks it all if Thou,
Our Father, know'st the whole?
No mighty strife of this brief life
Shall move our faithful soul!
So shall we rest, and now
Unmoved remain, whate'er the strain
Faith's anchor may endure:
Her resting-place is sure!

XXIX.

Then let us not delay!
O Christians! take the shield—
The shield of "FAITH,"—the which who hath
Shall win on every field!
Haste, haste! O do not stay
In unbelief! For 'tis a thief
Of your souls' happiness,
And source of their distress!

XXX.

All hail! sweet filial TRUST!
O joy, all joys beyond!
What power divine is ever thine!
Love's sure constraining bond
To join frail sons of dust,
Redeemed by blood, once more to God!
The way is sweetly clear:
Be still, and have no fear!

"He Careth for You."

XXXI.

TRUST is God's one command:
 Be "TRUST" your watchword then!
 Let men deride,—with Him to guide,—
 Away with fear of men!
 His all-sustaining Hand
 Will e'er protect His own elect,
 In calm serenity
 To rest, from turmoil free!

XXXII.

Nor shall revenge our souls
 Move from their placid rest!
 "Cease to repine: Vengeance is Mine!"
 Who, then, will strife suggest?
 Our FATHER-GOD controls
 Man's erring heart, and will impart
 All needful grace to those
 Whose faith with ardour glows!

XXXIII.

Then FAITHFUL let us be!
 Of FAITH our hearts be full:
 In FAITHFUL trust, as needs we must,
 Our spirits let us rule.
 And FAITHFUL may we be
 In all we do; and censure too
 In loving tenderness,
 Though faults be numberless!

XXXIV.

If we Christ's love receive,
 Then shall we faithful prove
 In all our ways! Then countless days
 Of calm delight will move

Our loving hearts to leave
All earthly joy! Their sweet employ,
In blessed trustfulness,
To heaven's bright realms to press!

XXXV.

For Thy rich gift, O God,
Of faith in Thy great love,—
Thy glorious gift, our souls to lift
To Thy calm rest above,—
We bless Thy name, O Lord,
And pray, Increase our sacred peace
By increase of Thy dower
Of FAITH's expansive power!

XXXVI.

O take whate'er we have:—
Our hearts, our time, our griefs;
Our weaknesses, our sins, our cares;
Our tasks, our wants, our strifes;
Our fear to meet the grave;
Our forethought vain for toil and pain:—
Our burden, Lord, we roll
On THEE: O TAKE the WHOLE!

XXXVII.

Then shall our hearts be free
For loving service, Lord!
Thy Name to praise through all our days!
To trust Thy precious Word
Our highest joy shall be:—
"No BURDEN BEAR:" "CAST ALL YOUR CARE
ON ME!" O hear us now,
While at Thy feet we bow!

"He Careth for You."

XXXVIII.

Father! our hearts upraise
The song of perfect TRUST!
Our burnished Shield,—by grace annealed,—
No breath of care shall rust!
Thy LOVE and sovereign GRACE
Our rod and stay, our joy each day,—
With swelling hearts we'll sing,
And REST BENEATH THY WING!



SURRENDER.

"If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and come and follow Me."—
ST MATT. xix. 21.

CHRISTIAN—LORD! I yearn to follow Thee!
O that I the way could see!
Let me know this wide command,
Searching, absolute, yet grand!

SAVIOUR—He who would come after Me
Pure in heart must ever be;
All he hath for Me resign,
That he may be wholly Mine.

C.—Yet, O Lord, dost Thou require
All I have, or can desire?
May I not keep back a part?
Dost Thou claim my very *heart*?

S.—Should not My disciple be
Glad to yield up *all* for Me?
Not a *thought* of self to keep,
If he would My blessing reap?

C.—'Tis not that I would retain
Aught from Thy most blessed reign:
Yet the cause I fail to see
For surrendering ALL to Thee!

S.—God hath joy reserved for all
Who obey the Spirit's call:
He abides within their hearts,
And all blessedness imparts!

C.—Would, O Lord, that I could know
Such great bliss while here below!
All I have I would resign,
So I might be *wholly* Thine!

S.—Thou canst know this blessedness,
If thou wilt all SELF repress:
All thy heart must first be pure,—
God's indwelling, then, is sure!

C.—High, indeed, is Thy demand:
High the life,—supremely grand!
Men oft think *too* high, forsooth,—
Far beyond their grasp of truth!

S.—Wilt thou all My truth embrace?
Thou shalt have sufficient grace:
Knowest thou My mighty power,—
Guaranteed for every hour?

C.—In startling phrase Thy power, Lord,
Oft is mentioned in Thy Word:
“Mighty,” “glorious,” “great,” I read,—
Yea, “exceeding great” indeed!

S.—All this mighty power is *thine*,
When thou art for ever Mine!
“Perfected in weakness” made,—
Why, then, shouldst thou be afraid?

C.—Guilty, Lord! I own with shame;
My weak faith must bear the blame!
Do Thou *teach* me what to do,
And I then shall *follow* too!

S.—Gird thy soul in humble love;
Seek the wisdom from above;
Be in heart a lowly child,—
Loving, teachable, and mild!

C.—Pride, I know, restrains my heart:
Do Thou Thy lowliness impart!
Yet, in life's great race of "mind,"
Shall I not be left behind?

S.—Earth's pursuits in glory shine;
But that glory will decline:
Yet the man of nobler life
Will eclipse in earthly strife!

C.—But, alas! my heart is hard;
Will it not Thy grace retard?
O that I could see it melt,
And Thy Word more keenly felt!

S.—Give thy stubborn heart to Me!
Love shall melt it speedily:
Love like Mine can soften all,—
Though in Satan's hardest thrall!

C.—But my sorrows, cares, and sin,
Trials, doubts, and fears within,
Vex my soul from day to day,
And her trust in Thee betray.

S.—Christian! wherefore all this care?
Did not I thy sorrows bear?
Thou exultingly art free,
Joyously to follow Me!

C.—Still I feel their painful smart:
Give Thou rest within my heart!
Songs of joy I wish to raise,—
But these darken all my days!

S.—“Cast thy burden on the Lord!”
Yield, according to His Word;
Then shall joy thy bosom fill:
Peace succeeds a blended will!

C.—Is such blessedness for *me*?
Holy, perfect liberty?
Service with a merry heart,
From all sin and care apart?

S.—Banish all thy doubts and fears!
Wipe away thy blinding tears!
I thy FRIEND and GUIDE will be:
Thou shalt ever follow Me!

C.—Though my heart is little worth,
All engrossed by things of earth,
Take it, Lord, and keep it aye,—
Morning, noon, and night, each day!

S.—Follow, then, where'er I lead!
Doubt not that, in very deed,
E'en in darkness, I am nigh,
And can hear thy faintest sigh!

C.—Thou hast opened now mine eyes,—
Filling me with glad surprise!
Now by *faith* my soul shall live,—
But that faith Thyself must give!

S.—Faith thou hast: employ it well:
It shall every cloud dispel!
Faith increases every hour,
Till it grows a “mighty power!”

C.—O the sovereignty of grace!
Let me ever see Thy face,—
Feel Thy presence,—hear Thy voice;—
Then shall heart and flesh rejoice!

S.—I am always with thee now!,
And will richly thee endow
Till at last, in realms above,
Thou art FILLED with PERFECT LOVE!

C.—Blessed JESUS! then lead on!
Thou my willing soul hast won!
ALL I gladly now resign;—
Seal me, Lord, for ever Thine!



SABBATISMOS.

"There remaineth therefore a rest (*σαββατισμὸς*) to the people of God."—HEB. iv. 9.

I.

"IN heaven is rest!" Ah, yes, I know it well!
 My soul looks forth in wistful eagerness
 To gaze upon the alluring recompence
 For all her travail and her sore distress!

II.

How blest are they who have that haven reached!
 They know not sickness, neither want nor pain!
 Secure in God's own love, no change is theirs,
 Except it be some higher joy to gain!

III.

But 'tis the rest of which the Saviour spake—
 The rest from sin, from wandering, doubt, and fear,—
 That now my soul would realise in full,
 And know the truth to many a Christian dear.

IV.

We who believe "do enter into rest!"
 Not "*shall*," but "*do*,"—a present blessedness!
 O tell me, Lord, what means this grateful word,
 That wins me with its sweet attractiveness!

V.

Repose of soul, without one anxious thought,—
 Assurance felt of pardoning love each hour,—
 And knowledge that Thy grace progresses fast,
 To sanctify my heart with all its power.

VI.

These are the sacred elements of rest*
Within the Christian's ever peaceful soul!
The simple trust, since all is in God's hand,
That sovereign love doth everything control!

VII.

No wonder, then, if souls who this enjoy,
Keep holy "Sabbath" now from morn till eve,
And daily rest in perfect peace and love,—
For heaven they realise ere earth they leave!

VIII.

Yet toils and suffering oft may overtake;
Their way be darkened, while the tempter tries
By every art their confidence to shake:
E'en then they "rest,"—their faith each foe defies!

IX.

O happy children of the Lord Most High!
Ye well may sing that labour is but rest,
And pain but sweetness, since ye ever feel
That He is near to help you when opprest!

X.

Then give me peace, O Lord, and let me cling,
In loving confidence, whate'er betide,
To Thy own Word, assuring of Thine aid,—
And *know* that Thou art always at my side!

XI.

Her holy "Sabbath" now my soul shall keep,
Not only when forth chimes the Sabbath bell,
But through each livelong day and darkest night,—
I rest in peace, for "He doth all things well!"

* See Hymn 379 in "Mercer."

SOWING AND REAPING.

"Be not weary in well-doing."—2 THESS. iii. 13.

I.

CHRISTIAN, arise, thy God hath bid thee work!
He calls thee to a sacred high employ:
Thy life should be a blessed sacrifice
Of thought, and time, and wealth, in holy joy!

II.

Canst thou upon the altar lay this gift,—
The sweet surrender of a life of love?
Canst thou His will perform in distant climes,—
Proclaim His Word,—with scorching heavens above?

III.

Canst thou thus leave whate'er thou holdest dear
For Him who left His glorious "all" for thee?
Go, wander through the world, despised and poor,
As thy rich Lord, who came to poverty?

IV.

Yet such grand offering God hath not required
From all His sons! It is but from the few,—
Ordained of Him to higher thrones in heaven,—
That He expects these loving proofs so true!

V.

Yet hath He set for *all* a gladsome toil,
That shall the hurtful weeds of sin destroy:
The sowing that shall make each day look bright
With flowers of love and truth, of peace and joy!

VI.

Ah! here is work that men so oft neglect!
Their hearts, their homes, they leave in fallow state,—
Unmindful that a harvest, rich and rare,
Will instantly their loving toil await!

VII.

Looks, words, and deeds, have mighty, subtle power
To mould the life in joy or bitterness;
Its course is oft within a brother's hands!
Oh, how shall words our influence express!

VIII.

See how the life of Jesus shone in love!
Mark well its gentle, sweet, persuasive tone!
The weary sought and found a sacred balm
In tender look, or touch, or word alone!

IX.

Such precious seeds from heaven's own granary
He came to sow in every human heart!
And all those three-and-thirty years He sowed,
That hope, and joy, and peace He might impart.

X.

Then while a remnant still is left to us,
That tells how brief is this our mortal life,
Unweariedly may we our course pursue,
Although our work be often marred by strife.

XI.

To sow the quickly fructifying seed
Of Jesus' life so beautiful and bright,
'Mid friends and foes alike, in Church and home,
Be this our constant labour and delight!

XII.

Like whitened fields our homes shall "laugh and sing,"—
As will our hearts to reap the fruits of love!
Then HARVEST-HOME,—the crowning joy,—shall raise
Its grateful song on brighter fields above!



"LORD, I BELIEVE!"

"BELIEVING, we HAVE LIFE!" O words of sacred power!
The Christian's true phylactery to shield him every hour!
United to the Father through faith in Jesus' blood,
The life of every Christian is but the LIFE of God!
O how shall human language this blessedness convey,—
It far exceeds in transport all that eloquence can say!
Yet hath my soul its meaning, through God's rich grace, descried,
As splendour of the rising day from lofty mountain side!
And, filled with rapture, now beholds, as joyfully she sings,
"The Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings!"

The fulness of the glory now bursting on her sight
Eclipseth all the brightness of every meaner light!
And higher now she climbeth, the nearer view to gain,
As stream the rays of gladness, like showers of golden rain!
Forgetting all the sorrows of the valley's night of doubt,
She presseth to the summit with many a joyous shout!
And, looking down, she crieth, in the radiant sunlight's power,
"Let all the joys of life be gone, and whelming tempests lower;
"Let fierce temptation now assail, and poverty surround;
"While even death's pale form looms nigh, and *all* life's woes abound,—
"In this glad light my life shall be a day without a night,—
"Meridian day of splendour, of ravishing delight!"

And as she thus approaches the Source of all her joy,
 With all her energy my faith pursues the sweet employ:
 "Rejoice, my ransomed soul, rejoice, for though, like Job, thy life
 "In anguish bear a martyrdom of grief and wordy strife,
 "In ever deepening channel thy hidden life rolls fast,
 "A stream of gladness from the *Throne*, all man's conception past!
 "And though to see His presence now surpasses nature's skill,
 "I *know* THE GREAT INVISIBLE, and love to do His will!
 "His everlasting arms, so strong, throughout my devious way,
 "Unweariedly encompass me. Each hour,—by night, by day,—
 "The sunlight of His glorious love my merry heart shall bless
 "Where'er my changeful course shall lead in life's dark wilderness!
 "Then up, my soul! press on thy way to yonder mountain height
 "Whence faith beholds the rising of thy Everlasting Light!"

"O dreamer!" cries the worldling, "man of distempered brain!
 "Away with all thy visions, and let thy judgment reign!
 "Such faith is but for children, and not for men of sense!
 "'Tis all a bright delusion,—religion mere pretence!
 "Give *me* the pleasant chalice of joys I now approve,
 "And let the future be for those whom superstitions move!
 "The sensible horizon, and not the things beyond,
 "Shall satisfy my yearnings with joys that correspond
 "With nature's sweetest fancies, or reason's lofty span:
 "All else is wild conjecture, beneath the thought of man!"

Ah, scorner! thou hast strangely missed life's true and noble aim!
 Thy soul her immortality doth mightily proclaim!
 She yearneth for a gladness which earth can ne'er afford,
 And bids thee look beyond thyself, to intercourse restored,—
 In Adam lost, in Christ regained,—when thou shalt fully know
 The secret of thy yearnings, and the source from whence they flow.
 If till the dream of life is past thy soul would yet delay,
 Despising all the warnings that earthly signs convey,—
 Alas! how great the peril,—all hope for ever gone,—

The joy of hope in life despised,—thy soul for aye undone!
Thus, be that hope "delusion," what bliss wilt thou have lost!
But, if REALITY, what then? what will thy satire cost?

To my "delusion," then, I cling; it cheers me blithely through
The trials and the labours,—the varied sufferings too,—
Of each day's stern employment, and bids me look above,
And see a life of gladness, rich in purity and love,—
Where all my aspirations more than fulfilled shall be,
And I shall know as I am known to all eternity!
O glorious Hope of weary souls, what joy thou dost bestow!
What noble thoughts, what purer aims, what fervency, we owe
To thy serene indwelling, thou gift of God Most High!
Oh, calmly now I wait to see what joys before me lie!
This is the very climax of my soul's intense desire;
The love of God embraces me, and glows within like fire!
More capable of working, more calm in suffering too,
I live in sacred ecstasy, believing all is TRUE!

But what is my "believing?" Is it merely crude assent
To what, in childhood's artless days, I thought so evident?
Ah! no: and yet my childhood's faith,—so pure, so sweet, so true,—
I long to taste in fulness, and its fervency renew!
For it was all so REAL,—I believed it every word!
My every thought and prayer conceived a living, present Lord!
But time bedimmed the lustre of my childhood's simple faith:
I reasoned and I argued, and despised His plain "THUS SAITH:"
I wanted *mind* to conquer, and I disdained to be
The subject of a stringent creed involved in mystery!
But I am now returning to childhood's happier days,
And strive again to offer up the simplest prayer and praise.

I sought for Him in Science, I sought for Him in Art;
In all His noble handiworks I found of Him a part:
But not until I sought Him in meekness at the Cross

Did He make known to me Himself;—then everything was dross
 Beside the grand persuasion His love had given to me
 That I was His, and He was mine, to all eternity!
 And now this sweet assurance inspires my chequered life:
 I care not for this fleeting world, and all its weary strife!
 I go on simply TRUSTING, and resting every hour;
 He fills me with His presence, and girds me with His power!
 I know not fear, nor irksome care, with His strong arm beside:
 I scorn all thought of danger, for, whatever may betide,
 My FATHER's arm is round me, and I shall safely go
 Through all life's tribulations,—each dire abyss of woe!

The end will come,—the joyous end,—and I, ere long, shall mount
 Beyond the clouds, beyond the stars, until I gain the Fount
 Of all my sacred pleasures, and my holiest desires,
 When faith's rich ore is purified in many earthly fires!
 And thus I know that "all is well;" and now, in calm content,
 I wait the sweet or bitter end of every new event!
 God grant that I may realise, with greater power each day,
 How sweet it is to trust in Him, to hope and love and pray!
 God grant that my simplicity of faith in His dear Son
 May yet more simple grow each day, until my work is done!

I want a fuller, deeper trust;—to follow where He leads,
 In calm, unwavering confidence; so that, in all my deeds,
 My life may glorify His Name, while I make known His love,
 Until He sendeth down for me, and beareth me above!
 From morning until evening, then, I will rejoice to say,
 "My heart is trusting Thee, O Lord,—I do not know the way:
 "But *Thou* each step dost fully know,—wilt surely guide and bless,—
 "Wilt ever clothe my faulty soul with Thy own righteousness,—
 "And wilt, when work on earth is done, uplift me to Thy rest,
 "That I may sweetly there recline upon Thy loving breast!"

The worldling, then, may place his trust in changeful things of time,

My soul now dares a loftier flight, inspired with thoughts sublime,—
To live as seeing God, as hearing Him, and feeling
His all-encircling Presence His loving care revealing!
To faith the things invisible are *REAL* as though seen,
As were no mystic veil outspread heaven's dazzling light to screen!
What power is thine, O mighty Faith! May thy bright rays illume
My darksome pathway through the world, and through the dreary tomb!
In gladness, then, my days shall pass until I go on high,
Where "faith is lost in sight," in realms beyond the sky!

Oh! *then* the full meridian of my soul's eternal light
Shall burst in all its splendour on my enraptured sight!
Her sunrise o'er the mountain, as the waves of beauty rolled,
By faith's entranced vision, of the "perfect day" foretold!
But heaven's surpassing glory hath been but faintly guessed,—
'Tis "more exceeding far" we read,—but God must tell the rest!

Here, then, I live by breathing the vital air of faith
As I, unconsciously, inhale each swiftly passing breath;
And showing by the vigour of this my holy strife
How strong and even is the pulse of each day's Christian life!
For though, in holy restfulness, we wait upon the Lord,
He bids us ever watch and strive, according to His Word,
With eye fixed only on the Cross, where all our griefs we leave,
And say, with gladsome heart and voice, "O LORD, I DO BELIEVE!"



WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

I.

SWEETLY the voice of Jesus speaks the word:
 O let us hear what saith our gentle Lord!
 "LEARN THOU OF ME!"—command of winning grace!—
 Then let us ask, as we His footprints trace,—
"What would JESUS do?"

II.

Varied the scenes of life,—perplexing too;
 Needing a wisdom, deep, and pure, and true:
 Then let us bless our gracious Lord that we,
 Learning of Him, may know assuredly
"What would JESUS do!"

III.

Yet is it sad to think how few men care
 Christ's sweet original,—in beauty rare,—
 Daily to imitate in all their ways,—
 Pondering, as grace or passion sways,—
"What would JESUS do?"

IV.

Casting a look o'er all His Church, I see
 What is the cause of this sad mystery!
 "Wise in their own conceit!" I bless His Name
 That to *my* soul His Spirit's whisper came,—
"What would JESUS do?"

V.

For I have sat and mused at close of day,
Weary of all the work that round me lay,
While yet another call of duty pressed.
Wavering, a gentle Voice would then suggest,—
“ *What would JESUS do?*”

VI.

Vexed with the strife of tongues and reign of sin,
Grieved when by love the Gospel failed to win,—
Often the Monitor bade *me* to prove
My own activity in works of love,—
“ *What would JESUS do?*”

VII.

O'er all the Church the serpent's trail I see;
Where is her peace, her sacred harmony?
Weeping, I hear the Spirit-whisper say,
“Trim well *thy* lamp; then watch, and work, and pray!—
“ *What would JESUS do?*”

VIII.

Brother with brother strives: children of light,
Failing to give, amid the world's dark night,
Proof of the power by which true Christians live!
Musing, I ask, Did *Jesus* ne'er forgive?
“ *What would JESUS do?*”

IX.

Where are Thy noble sons, O Lord? I cried:
Wilt Thou for ever be by “friends” belied?
Deeply the answer moved my inmost soul:
“Press *thou* unfalteringly towards the goal!
“ *What would JESUS do?*”

X.

Charity's sweetness would my soul enjoy,
 Spending both time and wealth in such employ:
 "Give not thy *heart* the reins," the niggard cries:
 "Measure not LOVE," the still small voice replies,—
 " *What would JESUS do?*"

XI.

Musing of those who love vain SELF to exalt,
 While they rejoice to scan a brother's fault,—
 Speaking for ever ill of friend and foe alike;
 Christ's every word, in telling power, would strike,—
 " *What would JESUS do?*"

XII.

Many, it seems, think lightly of their word;
 Others from faithfulness are oft deterred.
 Wondering that followers of the God of Truth
 Should for one moment swerve, I ask, forsooth,—
 " *What would JESUS do?*"

XIII.

Timid and doubting sons of God proclaim
 Slender, uncertain trust in Jesus' Name!
 Feeble and joyless souls, they always view
 Life on its darkest side. I ask anew,—
 " *What would JESUS do?*"

XIV.

Great is the god that most men make of self:
 Oh, how they blindly worship sordid pelf!
 Looking to Jesus, who for us, though rich,
 Suffered in want,—could *self* their hearts bewitch?
 " *What would JESUS do?*"

XV.

Pleasure with some is searched for as for gold;
Bubbles are blown with colours manifold:
Would time be lost did all but comprehend,
As did our Lord, life's great and solemn end?

"What would JESUS do?"

XVI.

Converse of Christians is of aught but Him!
Ah! hast not *thou*, my soul, been glad to skim
Past His dear Name,—ashamed to own thy Lord?
Yet did not He, in blood, *His* love record?

"What would JESUS do?"

XVII.

Preachers, in making known God's truth so grave,
Often discourse as though they aimed to save
Nerves, and not *souls*! The Saviour's stern rebukes
Tell us in startling power, by words and looks,

"What would JESUS do?"

XVIII.

O let the voice of living, earnest love,
Speak of the heart inspired from heaven above!
Fear of displeasing man, should *it* unnerve
Sons of the living God? O never swerve!

"What would JESUS do?"

XIX.

Tell out your simple story manfully!
Feeling its power yourselves, desire to see
How to the Church, as to your hearts, the thought
That in this question lies, true life hath brought!—

"What would JESUS do?"

XX.

Ah! who shall tell how sadly Christians err!
How oft their conduct others must deter!
Jesus, professedly, they own as Guide:
Yet by *this* rule of action fail to abide,—
“*What would Jesus do?*”

XXI.

Then in each great, as in each small, concern,
O may our loving spirits ever yearn
That we may prove our blessed Saviour's mind
Instinct within: thus shall be well defined—
“WHAT WOULD JESUS DO!”



BE JOYFUL!

" Rejoice evermore."—1 THESS. v. 16.

" Filled with joy and peace in believing."—ROM. xv. 13.

I.

BE joyful, Christian, for the day
Of earthly labour glides away:
Thy burden thou wilt soon cast down,
And wear thy bright eternal crown!
Be joyful, then!

II.

Art thou not pardoned through the blood?
Art thou not now a SON of God?
Dost thou not claim a home on high—
The " Father's House " beyond the sky?
Be joyful, then!

III.

What if thy heart hath sometimes fears,
And oft thou sheddest bitter tears:
Thou knowest well His truth, who gives
The Word by which the Christian lives!
Be joyful, then!

Be Joyful !

IV.

What though dark clouds around thee lower;
 What though the storm upon thee pour;
 Thy Father knoweth all thy need,—
 Will give thee help with grateful speed!
 Be joyful, then!

V.

Time's tribulations cannot last,
 And soon will be for ever past:
 E'en now the bow enwreathes the cloud!
 It is thy right to sing aloud:
 Be joyful, then!

VI.

The world's vexations cannot harm;
 Thy soul is safe from all alarm!
 Beneath the covert of God's wing
 No dart of Satan e'er can sting!
 Be joyful, then!

VII.

Thy foes may strive to crush thy heart,
 And onward come with skilful art:
 Thy Captain bids thee aye endure:
 To faith the victory is sure!
 Be joyful, then!

VIII.

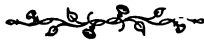
Hath He not pledged that thou shalt win?
 What recks the battle's fiercest din?
 With Him for ever at thy side,
 Thou canst not fear whate'er betide!
 Be joyful, then!

IX.

Above the sorrow is the joy :
To rise to God is faith's employ :
He knows it all, and counsels thee
To trust His love right heartily!
Be joyful, then!

X.

Look upward to the rest above,
Where thou shalt ever dwell in love!
On God thine eye of faith should rest,
Who guideth to that home so blest!
Be joyful, then!



THE BIRD DIPPED IN HIS FELLOW'S BLOOD.

"Dip the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water . . .
and let the living bird loose."—LEV. xiv. 6, 7.

I.

Two birds are taken by the priest,
That one be slain, and one released :
The first o'er running water dies,—
Its blood-tinged fellow upward flies !

II.

Deep truth lies here, O child of God !
The wondrous truth of Christ's own blood :
Of how He died to cleanse thy sin,
To make thy heart all pure within :

III.

Thy soul's immersion here is shown,
And rising, too, made fully known :
The former truth we understand ;
The latter Christians think too grand !

IV.

Yet why should they divided be ?
God joineth them in harmony :
And precious is the life thus taught,
Transcending all man's highest thought !

V.

Our souls, from guilt and bondage free,
God sets at "glorious liberty!"
Nor time nor space impedes their flight
To realms of holiness and light!

VI.

Then, Christian, why stay here below?
The great High Priest hath bid thee go!
Sin's leprous spot no more defiles:
The heaven, in radiant welcome, smiles!

VII.

Thy "Brother," JESUS, died for thee;
Thy Priest as well, (strange mystery!)
He shed for thee His precious blood,—
Enfranchisement to life with God!

VIII.

What freedom is there here implied!
Why, then, in lower scenes abide,
Since God the wings of faith has given
To bear thee daily nearer heaven?

IX.

But ever sprinkled on thy breast
Thy Lord's atoning blood must rest;
'Tis this imparts the buoyancy,—
Sweet pledge of immortality!

X.

With God its sacred plea avails
To gird with strength that never fails!
Thy bounding heart, as light as air,
Shall yet time's sternest conflict dare!

XI.

The high symbolic act be thine,
In all its teaching so divine :
The blood thy safety will express,—
The water God's own righteousness!

XII.

To bear the antitype of one,—
The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son :
To feel the water's cleansing power,—
The Holy Spirit's sacred dower:

XIII.

Imperial, sure, eternal bliss!
O Christian, now thy fear dismiss!
Up, up, away! spread far thy wings,
No longer chained to earthly things!

XIV.

These sacred types, in clear design,
Precious, immortal truths enshrine!
Then wear those truths,—each peerless gem,—
Thy soul's resplendent diadem!


XV.

From loftiest pinnacle of grace,—
Ah! still (sweet truth!) the lowliest place,—
Intently gazing, upward rise,
To dwell, e'en now, above the skies!

XVI.

Thy "silver wings," then, gladly spread!
O let thy golden plumage shed
Its radiant beauty, grandly shown
In dove-like flights before the throne!*

* Ps. lxxviii. 13.



"YIELD."

"Yield your members servants to righteousness unto holiness."—Rom. iv. 19.

I.

Who would not yield to One who came to bring
Glad tidings from on High,—to cause to sing
The widow's heart,—to raise the fallen ones,—
To fill with richest joy God's new-found sons?

II.

Oh, then, a grateful world, with loud acclaim,
Hath bowed before the sweet, all-glorious Name
Of Him who, though THE SON, a servant's place
Assumed, that He might raise to sons our race?

III.

'Tis true He came! 'Tis true He bled and died!
And yet His Name, alas! is oft defied!
His sovereign love,—(no mightier power is known!)—
Hath scanty triumph e'en where grace is sown!

IV.

Oh, wherefore this? Why fails God's loving plan
To raise to noblest life the soul of man?
"ALL THINGS ARE OURS," the Word of God declares:
If *we* our "all" resign, then are we "heirs!"

V.

To "yield:" ah! in this Word the secret lies!
The will rebels and all restraint defies!
Oh, deep the struggle,—long and sharp,—to give
My heart, my life, my "all," that I might live!

VI.

"I cannot yield," I cried. "O Lord, Thou know'st I *would*!
 "My wayward heart hath long Thy grace withstood!
 "Have pity on my wilfulness and pride,
 "And let me for Thy service now decide!"

VII.

"But yet I find it hard for mind to yield!
 "The things of faith are like a vision sealed,—
 "Beyond the range of eye, or thought, of man;
 "And 'tis our sacred right all truth to scan!"

VIII.

I thought: "To *know* the things I cannot *see*
 "Would surely be a pleasant mystery!"
 Then pride stepped in,—the work of faith decried,—
 And all her attributes of power denied!

IX.

And thus I asked: "O couldst Thou not have shown,
 "Great Father, whom I long to call my own,
 "Unfailing evidence, so I be led
 "To know the truth of all which Thou hast said?"

X.

"'Tis not, I *will* not yield, but mind must reign,
 "And faith would its authority restrain:
 "Mind claims to rule, and is a noble guide
 "When credence does not over judgment ride."

XI.

Then silently a chiding Voice inquired,
 "O doubter! wherefore hast thou so desired
 "To tell the Eternal King how He should reign,—
 "Thyself a child of earth,—short-sighted,—vain?"

XII.

Distressed, I prayed: "O Lord, Thyself reveal!
"Thy Word of Life upon my spirit seal!
"Let me but know Thy Spirit for my Guide,—
"My soul shall then rejoice,—though grief betide!

XIII.

"Yet dost Thou not my doubting heart assure
"That I shall know Thy will, and shall endure,
"If I, in simple faith, embrace Thy Word,
"Contented well with Thy 'Thus saith the Lord'?

XIV.

"Lord, pardon all my stubbornness, my pride,
"My doubtings, and that I have Thee denied:
"I yet have time,—for this I praise Thy love!—
"To listen to Thy voice, and seek the rest above!

XV.


"Thou knowest well the hardness of the task;
"And therefore needed grace from thee I ask:
"I want to yield Thee *all*, that Thou mayest be
"The joy, the strength, of each day's life to me.

XVI.

"O take and fashion me to Thy blest will;
"Bend every thought and feeling—make me still
"Beneath Thy wonder-working, gracious Hand,
"To fit me for the glorious heavenly land!"

XVII.

And thus the sacred work at last was done!
My soul, through Jesus' tender love, was won!
I now withhold no thought, O Lord, from Thee,
But yield Thee "*ALL*" in grateful ecstasy!



“ OUR SAVIOUR HATH ABOLISHED DEATH.”

(2 TIM. i. 10.)

“ All things are yours, whether DEATH.”—1 COR. xiii. 21, 22.

“ Who is this that cometh with dyed garments from Bozrah travelling in the greatness of his strength ?”—ISA. lxiii. 1.

I.

O SING, yea shout, ye sons of God,
 The Lord hath triumphed gloriously !
 The battle fought to victory,—
 Your peace ensured,—the Warrior see,
 Unshorn of strength, though clothed in blood !

II.

All riderless the pale horse sees
 His master lie, discrowned and prone,
 Transfixed by lethal shaft alone,—
 A sovereign dread whom all men own !—
 And, quivering, now in terror flees !

III.

Thus, robbed of all his mighty strength,
 The victor death lives but in name !
 His shadow haunts the world, to claim
 Dominion o'er man's heart in shame ;—
 But faith will spurn e'en *that* at length !

IV.

Arise, then, Christian ! for 'tis LIFE,—
 Unbroken life,—henceforth for thee !
 Thy *soul* now lives immortally,
 And change thy *flesh* shall truly see,—
 But now *sleep* reigns where *death* was rife !

V.

"Not DEATH but SLEEP," our Lord affirmed
Of those whose pulse had ceased to beat,—
Of one whose corpse had found retreat
Within the tomb, in death complete!
"Awake!" "Come forth!" His words confirmed!

VI.

"The RESURRECTION and the LIFE,"
He rose triumphant o'er the grave,
And, rising thus, did all men save,
And on their hearts, through faith, engrave
The watchword for their mortal strife!

VII.

"Abolished," then, is "*death*!" No more,—
The sting of death for each destroyed,—
Afraid of LIFE! Our hearts, o'erjoyed,
In songs of victory employed,
Shall but perceive LIFE's blissful shore!

VIII.

The Prince of Life hath given us "*ALL*!"
E'en "*death* is ours" by His decree!
Then let us claim the victory;
And live, each passing moment, free
To "*fall asleep*" when He shall call!

IX.

To fall asleep and wake with Him!
To cast this mortal robe away,—
So travel-stained in time's brief day;—
Be "*clothed upon*," and that for aye,
With light no earthly cloud shall dim!

X.

O joy supernal, yea divine!
 Then shall our souls in gladness live,
 In all the "fulness" God can give,—
 (Through grace their high prerogative!)
 And, as the stars, for ever shine!

XI.

The Warrior, then, who from the fight,
 In garments dyed in sacred blood,—
 Who death, and all hell's hosts, withstood,—
 Now comes in victor's attitude,
 We praise and love with all our might!

XII.

Uplift your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Angels, upraise your noblest songs!
 To Him the loud acclaim belongs
 Who vengeance wrought for all our wrongs!
 For Him our heart with rapture waits!

XIII.

With joy we hail the end of strife!
 We soon shall gain our heavenly rest!
 E'en now we view, from Pisgah's crest,
 The country of our pilgrim-quest,
 Where DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP OF LIFE!

The End.

